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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

The Duchess of Sutherland, President of the Ladies' Automobile Club

The Duchess of Sutherland is an expert driver, and is thoroughly conversant with the mechanism of a car

No. 93—Vol. VII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

GENERAL LITERATURE

"King Leopold's Rule in Africa." By E. D. Morel. (Heinemann: 15*s.* net.)
"In Old Northumbria." By R. H. Forster. (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Euphranor." By Edward Fitzgerald. (John Lane, Bodley Head: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"A Wanderer in Holland." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Pro Patria." By B. Paul Neumann. (S. C. Brown Langham: 3*s.* net.)
"The Motor Year Book for 1905." (Methuen: 5*s.*)

FICTION

"The Sin of Laban Routh." By Adeline Sergeant. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"The Cardinal Moth." By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Mr. Muldoon." By Michael O'Donovan. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Fortune's Wheel." By George Long. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Freemasons." By L. S. Gibson. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
"Stars of Destiny." By L. Parry Truscott. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"The Yarn of Old Harbour Town." By W. Clark Russell. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"The Queen's Man." By Eleanor C. Price. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"The Ferryman." By Helen Mathers. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Reason Why." By Iza Duffus Hardy. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"A Royal Rascal." By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"A Servant of the Public." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

The Welcome Home

Echoes of the Peace Conference continue to reach us. In anticipation of the return of the Tsar's "dear" army from Manchuria, the defences of Moscow have been strengthened, and "Martial law"—says a contemporary—"now practically prevails."

An Explanation

Some misunderstanding exists as to why quill pens rather than steel ones were selected for signing the Peace Treaty. The truth is that as geese

Indignant Bengal

"I wear English top-hat with honourable distinction, English skirt coat, English umbrella, English boots! But at English trousers I draw the conclusion. It is the last straw that shows which way the wind is tempered"

were instrumental in beginning the war, it was felt to be only proper that they should also be instrumental in putting an end to it.

"Representative"

Preparations for the Russian Duma, or National Assembly, go merrily on. Several gentlemen who met to discuss its constitution were dispersed last week by the police, and all political meetings in the provinces have been strictly forbidden by General Trepoff.

A Fair Inference

"The Admiral commanding has decided to purge the Russian navy, and it is thought that many officers, including admirals, will be dismissed." Russian patriots are beginning to believe that the success of Admiral Togo's efforts in this direction must after all have been exaggerated.

Indignant Bengal

"Racial feelings in Bengal," says the *Express*, "have been much embittered by the action of a British shipping firm, which has ordered that, in future, all employees shall wear European trousers during office hours." A top-hat is all very well, apparently, but Bengalis cannot see what a business man wants with trousers.

Are Sumptuary Laws Intolerable?

It is easy to smile at the indignation of the unfortunate Indian on being suddenly ordered into a costume to which he is not accustomed, but, as a matter of fact, sumptuary laws have always created a revolt out of all proportion to their severity. The feelings of the Bengali can only be imagined by picturing those of the London clerk, if he were suddenly called on to attend his office in motor-goggles, or those of the M.P. if he were refused entrance to the House of Commons unless he happened to be wearing a cricket-cap and pads. Highland regiments have

Sumptuary Laws

"Would rather die than be robbed of their yachting-caps"

threatened mutiny before now when there was a talk of depriving them of their kilts, and many holiday-makers who have never been on the sea—except as far as the pier will take them—would rather die than be robbed of their yachting-caps. Human nature is

such that any attempt to legislate concerning clothing is bound to end in disaster. The only laws we will submit to in this matter are those of the tailor and the dressmaker, and they are inexorable.

Free Medicine

Sir John Gorst's demand that the State should be called on to provide free medicine for school children has incurred a good deal of criticism. The bairns themselves stigmatise the proposal as a reactionary one, and say that what Sir John is anxious to foist upon them is compulsory medicine.

An Additional Expense

Ratepayers, on the other hand, foresee themselves taxed, not only to provide medicine for the little ones — which they would not so much mind doing—but also to pay for boxes of chocolates—to take the nasty taste away. They maintain that this would come expensive.

A Question of Space

"It must not be forgotten," says a contributor to the *Daily News*, "that many well-to-do Christians have billiard tables in their own homes. Why, then, should members of the Y.M.C.A. be debarred this great pleasure?" The only reason we can suggest is that all members of that excellent body have not got billiard rooms in their own homes.

Religion and Cricket

The same contributor adds: "A man can be a Christian cricketer." We trust this does not portend the introduction of religious disputes into the cricket world, though no doubt a Baptist bowler would work in harmony with an Anglican point, a Roman Catholic wicket-keeper, a Methodist mid-on, an Agapemonite at square-leg, and some Peculiar People in the slips.

To A. A. Lilley

["*It is proposed to promote a testimonial to A. A. Lilley, the Warwickshire cricketer, who has kept wicket for England in twenty-seven Test Matches. It is hoped to raise at least* £1,000. —EXTRACT FROM DAILY PAPERS.]

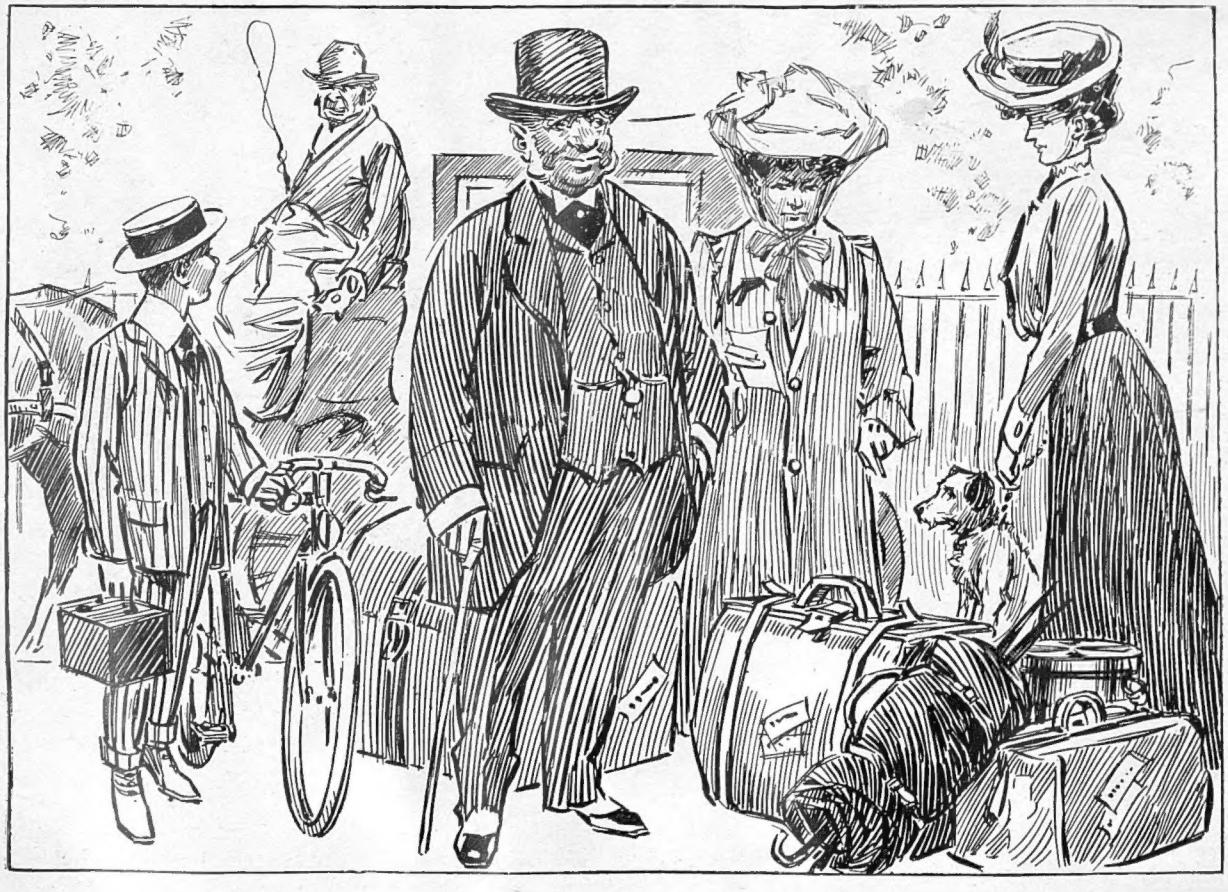
O'n, Lilley, handiest of men;
My heart is fuller than my purse.
I've nought to offer but my pen;
In lieu of cash, accept this verse.

May years deal gently with Those Hands,
The bowler's joy; the batsman's woe.
Its *hand-prints* on the Sands of Time
You'll leave behind you, when you go.

Long may your useful willow find
The runs we need, when Hope sinks low.
Long, long may Lilley lurk behind
The stumps, when England meets the foe.

No need to laud your skill; your nerve;
Your brilliancy: Immortal Fame
Is yours! (Great Lilley, please observe
I've made no puns upon your name!)

How often you have pulled us through
When things were shaky, none can know.
We own that we owe much to you,
It shall not be an ode, we owe!



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

PATERFAMILIAS *(with a sigh of relief)*: "Thank goodness, that's over for a year!"

Elementary Facts

"Striking success," says a contemporary, "has attended the operations of the Walworth Holiday School; 1,230 visits being paid in eleven days to Tooting Common, where the children were introduced at first hand to the elementary facts of Nature study." Now they know why paper-bags grow on bushes, and orange-peel and shrimps' heads spring from the grass.

Anticipations.—VI.

The Chase of the Future

["*We have much to learn from France in the way of sport.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

When we have learnt it, the following paragraphs may confidently be expected :—

1. Some excellent sport has been realised on the Yorkshire moors, where, on Tuesday, a party of eight guns secured two hundred brace of starlings, forty skylarks, seven field-mice, and a tortoise-shell cat.

2. Certain prominent Suffolk sportsmen have decided to form a Truffle Hunt, which is to be known as the East Anglian Truffle Hunt. Sir Algernon Jones has been elected as first M.S. (Master of the Swine), and some keen-scented porkers have already been got together in the styes at the Ashlands, where they will in future be kept.

3. Snails are not so strong and plentiful in the Midlands this season as they were expected to be, and unless some rain falls shortly, disease is likely to be rampant. We are glad to see that the J.P.'s of Curvenden have decided to deal with poachers severely; otherwise, sportsmen might as well give up trying to preserve this esculent quarry.

'The Bystander" in Marienbad

A snapshot taken by a reader while on holidays in a country village near the famous "Cure"

4. Splendid bags of foxes have been made of late in some of the Surrey coverts, eighteen falling to the gun of Lord Smith in the course of an hour and a half. This is considered a record in fox shooting.

Anticipations: A little picture for Francomaniacs

"We have much to learn from France in the way of sport."—DAILY PAPER

The Adventure of the Golden Anklet

[" *Startling developments are promised in the way of 'bijouterie,' and the last eccentricity is the anklet of gold, which, I am ashamed to say, has already been worn by some of our more enterprising 'élégantes.'* "—DAILY NEWS.]

We were out for a walk—in the country. I was enjoying the walk. Chloe apparently was not. She limped slightly.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, at length.

"Nothing," said Cloe. "At least—practically nothing." She said it so heroically that I knew she wanted me to be concerned.

"Shoes too tight?" I asked, with a sympathetic air.

"No," said Chloe, indignantly. "It's—my—my anklet."

"Your—what?"

"My anklet," said Chloe, with a blush. . . . "They're . . . rather fashionable, you know. Only it's too tight." I hate to lose an opportunity for moralising, and I spoke of nose-rings being rather fashionable in some of the Australasian islands. Chloe said I didn't understand.

"One must be *élégante*," she said. "Only I didn't mean to come for a walk in it. They're for indoors mostly. How far are we from home?"

"About two miles," I said.

"I feel as if I were chained in a dungeon," said Chloe, the tears coming into her eyes. "It's eating into my flesh. I can't walk any further."

"*Elégantes* ought to be braver," I remarked. "I suppose it wouldn't do if I carried you." Chloe thought it wouldn't.

"Then the only thing," I said, "is to go to the village blacksmith. He's only fifty yards on. Leave it to me," I added, as Chloe protested she would rather not. "He's a simple-minded man, and will believe anything."

I do not know if Nick Battery (the same being the blacksmith) really believed me. I said—"The lady's bracelet has slipped down from her wrist, and is hurting her. Can you get it off——?"

"Why, sartainly," said the blacksmith. "I never see such a thing afore. Putt yer foot up here, Miss!"

"There's yer bangle, Miss," said Nick, when he had finished—"and if I was you, I'd have it tightened afore I wore it agen."

"Thank you," said Chloe. "I will."

"Or loosened," I suggested.

As it turned out, neither of these things were necessary, for Chloe lost the anklet on the way home. We advertised for it in the local paper, calling it a dog-collar, in order not to shock the susceptibility of any countryman who might light upon it. But, presumably, no countryman did. At any rate, it never turned up again.

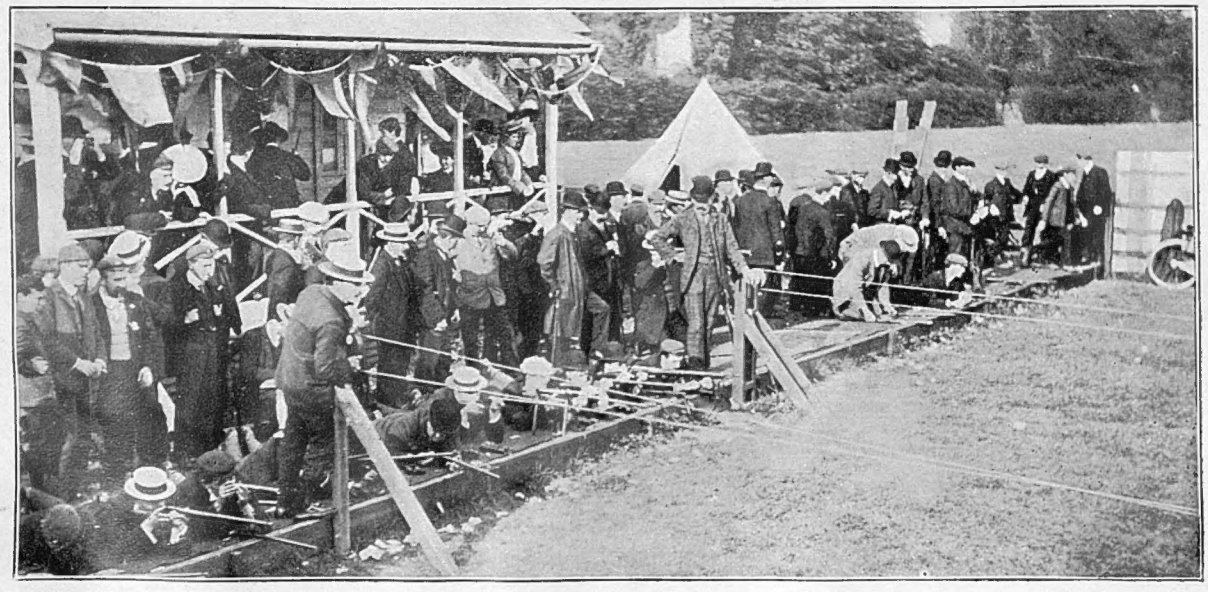
"I shall have to give up trying to be *élégante* till next quarter," said Chloe in the end, with a sigh. "The thing cost thirteen guineas."

"It'll be diamond knee-caps in three months," I said. . . "Or pet alligators."

As a matter of fact, Chloe assures me that the next "elegance" is to take the form of a gold miniature bee-hive, hung on one's watch-chain, with real bees in it. The honey will be a nuisance.

Miss King and her two pet cub otters

The cubs were found while hunting with the Crowhurst Hounds. They were first brought up on the bottle, but this has since been dispensed with, and they are now fed on frogs and rabbits. The pets are very tame with their mistress, but are rather vicious towards strangers



The Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs: Competitions on the range of the Southfields Rifle Club

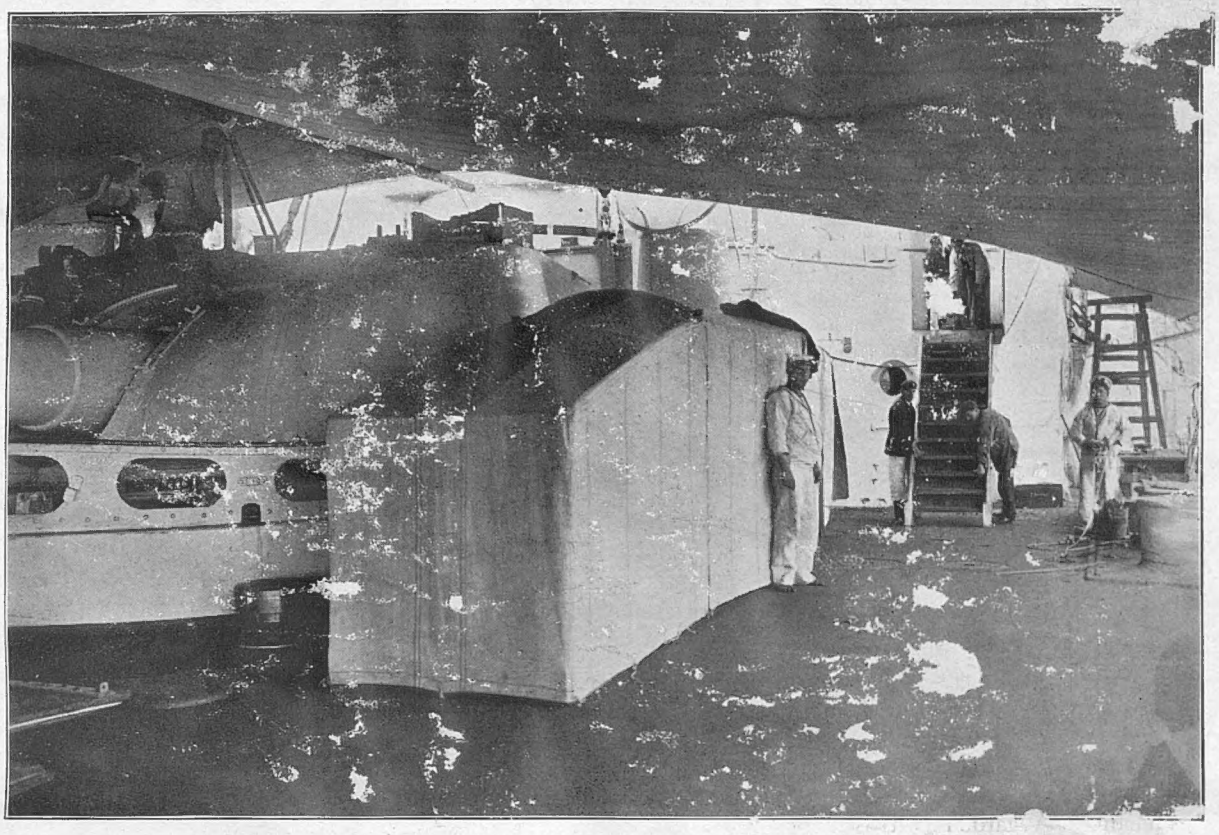
These competitions occupied the whole of Monday, September 4. Amongst those present were Lieut.-General Lance, C.B., Major-General C. E. Luard, Sir Charles and Lady Elliott, Admiral Campbell, and Colonel A. J. Holland. The competitors were allowed to use either miniature rifles or Service rifles with the Morris tubes, and ten-ringed targets were used, the scoring giving ten points for the bull, which varied in diameter from ½ in. at twenty-five yards to 1¾ in. at one hundred. Lady Elliott presented the prizes

Devon's Tribute to General Buller

The Unveiling of the statue to General Buller at Exeter last week

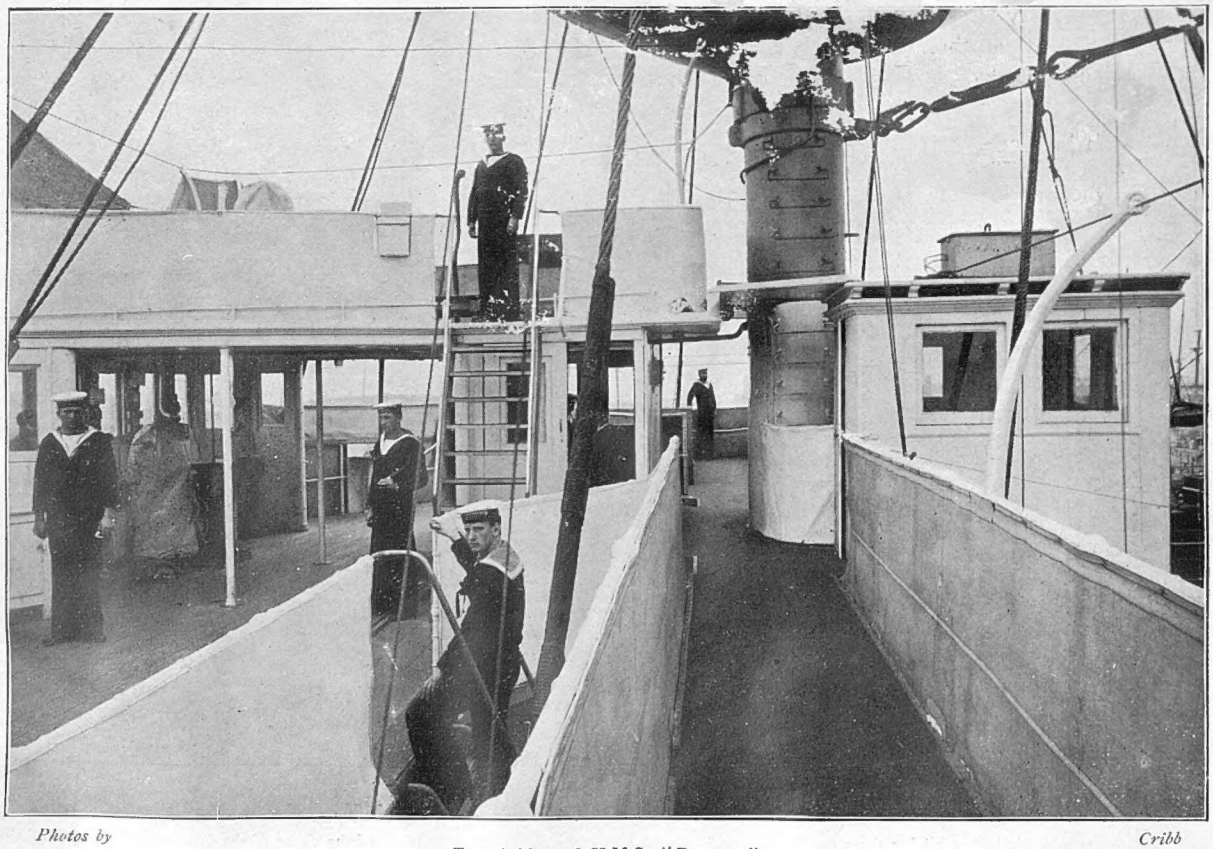
Speaking at the luncheon given after the unveiling ceremony, General Buller told the following story of the chase of the Boer forces after the relief of Ladysmith :—"He reached a store in the Leydenberg Valley five minutes after Botha had left it. The storekeeper said he asked Botha whether he was going to fight. 'No,' said the Boer general, 'I am not, because four times have I chosen apparently impregnable positions and each time those confounded soldiers of Buller, carrying loads on their backs, have walked over it as if it had been level country.' It was that army," continued General Buller, "which indirectly gave him that statue"

From Battleship to Royal Yacht



Preparing H.M.S. "Renown" for the Prince and Princess of Wales's Indian tour

The covered way leading to and from State cabins. The carpenters are seen fitting staircase leading to deck cabin and ... put ... adiness for the Prince and Princess. Dockyard men are painting the b... ette guns China white. The *Renown* has always borne the ... tation of being one of the most comfortable battleships, and but few alterations are required to fit her up for the Royal To...



Photos by *Cribb*

Fore-bridge of H.M.S. "Renown"

Showing the Prince and Princess's cabin and bridge promenade on right and centre, built expressly for the tour. On the left is seen the captain's deck cabin

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Lord Glamis

An exciting experience awaits Lord Glamis, son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, for whose coming of age, next week, festive preparations in Forfarshire are almost complete. For on the day he reaches his majority, he will be initiated—according to popular belief—into the terrifying story of the haunted chamber in Glamis Castle. This chamber has figured in story and verse, and the legend to the effect that the real secret of it is known but to the chief of his family and his heir recalls those delightful ghost stories now rather in disrepute with a sceptical generation. The Forfar County Ball, next Tuesday (19th), opens the programme of festivities. On the evening of the 21st, there will be a large gathering at Glamis Castle, followed on the next evening by a ball to the tenants. A garden party will be held on Wednesday 23rd, the festivities concluding with a dinner on the following Monday.

Photo by *Thomson*

Lord Glamis

Whose coming of age will be celebrated at Glamis Castle next week

The King's Hosts

Lord and Lady Burton, whom the King is to honour with a visit at their romantic Highland home of Glenquoich Lodge, in the north of Inverness-shire, are old friends of His Majesty's. Indeed, it is understood that they took the place from Mrs. Ellice, of Invergarry, daughter-in-law of the famous "Bear" Ellice, for another year in view of this visit. Lord Burton has a curious look of Lord Rosebery sometimes, but, with the same cherubic cast of countenance, there is mingled decidedly more determination, shown in the firm mouth and chin. Benevolence is also written large on the great brewer's face. Lady Burton is a very charming person, and though she cannot play Bridge quite so well as her famous sister, Miss Jane Thornewill, there is no hostess more successful in giving her guests a good time. Both Lord and Lady Burton are extremely charitable, and their popularity in Society, as well as among humbler people, is inherited by their witty and accomplished daughter, Mrs. Baillie, of Dochfour, who is, by special remainder, heir to her father's peerage. Miss Nellie Bass's marriage to Mr. J. E. B. Baillie, the son of one of Queen Victoria's oldest friends, was a fresh link with the most intimate Court circles.

Lady Violet Brassey

Lady Violet Brassey, whose husband, Mr. Leonard Brassey, has just sailed for Canada, is the second daughter of the Duke of Richmond. She greatly enjoys life at Apethorpe, the beautiful place Mr. Brassey bought from Lord Westmorland last year. She is a keen horsewoman, and is extremely fond of outdoor exercise of every kind. During the lifetime of her grandfather, the late Duke of Richmond, she

Photos by

Lady Burton

Keene

Lord Burton

Who will entertain the King at Glenquoich Lodge next week. Glenquoich Lodge and the famous deer forest are illustrated on pp. 544, 545

Prominent Lady Motorists

often helped him to entertain at his various country houses, and, although so young, made a most delightful and considerate hostess. Apethorpe is another old house which is dignified by a ghost, in this case, that of Lady Grace Mildmay, who is said to move along the corridor scattering silver pennies. The house contains numberless art treasures, and there is a very fine collection of pictures, which include a portrait of Mr. Walter Mildmay, who was Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the founder of the hall.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Violet Brassey

Motoring on the Increase

Motoring increases rapidly in popularity, and is more in vogue than ever this autumn. The King, himself, as everyone knows, an ardent motorist, sent up several cars for the Queen's use at Balmoral during her recent visit, and she frequently used this means to go over and visit the Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. Many people undertake the entire journey north by motor-car, and Mr. Walter Farquhar is among those who have accomplished the feat recently. Lord Portarlington started in his car for Holyhead *en route* for Ireland, and Winifred, Countess of Arran and Miss Claire Stopford have been touring the Emerald Isle in their motor. Mr. C. S. Rolls has also been making a lengthy tour in his beautiful new car, which attracted so much attention at Cowes lately, when Lord Albemarle and Lord and Lady Llangattock were among those who made trial trips in it. The King of Spain is, perhaps, the most ardent Royal motorist, going almost everywhere in his car, and Queen Maria Christina is also a devoted adherent of this fashionable means of locomotion. Queen Margherita of Italy, who had what might have been a very serious accident the other day while driving in her car, is a recent convert to the cult, and now numbers motoring among her most favourite amusements, while Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is as enthusiastic a motorist as her husband. The Duchess of Sutherland, who forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, is one of England's most expert chauffeurs, and, indeed, does not confine her talent to driving motors, but, like the Duke, is perfectly well able to control an engine also. Lady Cecil Scott-Montague, who is the sister of Lord Lothian, and is so clever with her pen, having written several interesting articles which have appeared in the various papers and magazines, is one of the first ladies to take up motoring, and it was largely owing to her initiative that the Ladies' Automobile Club was started, while Lady Beatrice Rawson has also been an enthusiast from the earliest days of automobilism. It was one of her brothers who started walking competitions, and some time before the famous Stock Exchange walk to Brighton he accomplished the feat successfully, Lady Beatrice following him on horseback with refreshments.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Lady Beatrice Rawson and Baby

Lady Cecil Scott-Montague

English Sporting Writers Please Note!

Ladies' Regatta at Naples

English writers upon sport are racy and often graphic in their style, but they lack the true poetic touch. From a French correspondent in Naples we have received the following account of a Ladies' Regatta, which has been all the talk of the town. It will be unfortunate if the translation, which we venture to make, does not in some degree breathe the divine spirit of the original:—

"The very day that the world's astronomers were indiscreetly overlooking the poetic loves of the sun and moon, feverishly noting the duration of their embrace, but two hours after, no longer in the azure of the sky, but in the equally profound, mysterious, poetic azure of the sea, close to the beautiful shore of Pausillippe, a spectacle, quite new to Italians, and particularly interesting to Neapolitans, attracted a varied and imposing crowd, made up of the most diverse elements: ladies of the aristocracy on the terraces of their villas, wives of fishermen on the boats of their husbands, boatmen in their frail craft, and children of the people wading breast-high in the waters.

Ladies' Regatta at Naples: "Wanda," second in the "Pairs"
Two sisters, Mdlles. Sophie and Albine Cottrau, formed the crew of the *Wanda*

Rowing in a Sea Swept by Squalls

"If the crowd was an imposing one, the spectacle that drew them there was worthy of their numbers. For the first time in Italy, the "Royal Club of Savoy Boatmen" had organised two regattas for ladies, one for double-scullers and the other for fours. There were three entries for the first event, and, in spite of the fact that the sea was swept by squalls, the competitors all acquitted themselves with credit. The umpires consisted of Mme. La Baronne di Brocchetti,

Ladies' Regatta at Naples: "Miny," winner of the first prize in the "Fours"
The crew consisted of two pairs of sisters: Mdlles. Albine and Sophie Cottrau, Pierrina and Lina Lauzara. The very poetic and touching description of the event which appears above, and was sent by a French correspondent at Naples, tells us that the Neapolitan ladies are by no means deficient in pluck, several squalls being experienced while the regatta was in progress

Street Dogs Fed by a Sultan

Mme. Cali (Admirals Di Brocchetti and Cali are the chiefs of the Maritime Department at Naples), La Baronne Cottrau, Mme. Borgstrom, and Mme. Di Marzo-Wattville. The President of the Royal Savoy Club presented the charming competitors with artistic gold medals and elegant *bonbonnières*."

Street Dogs Fed by a Sultan

One of the most extraordinary features of Constantinople is the number of dogs which roam through street and avenue, and in every public place. The daily feeding of them at one of the Padishah's kitchens is quite a sight in itself, and our photograph gives a good idea of the curious procedure. In one sense, the street dogs of the Turkish Metropolis are a great boon to the city. They are the most efficient scavengers of it, and thus confer a great benefit on the population, seeing that the hygienic and sanitary conditions of the Metropolis are far from being satisfactory, and that the outlay granted by the Government for sanitation purposes is an extremely miserly one. The most curious and extraordinary thing, however, about these dogs is their habit to form communities or separate bodies, with their own individual characteristics and distinctive peculiarities. These canine societies keep perfectly aloof from each other, have their own particular district or street of habitation, and keep strictest watchfulness that none of their neighbouring *confrères* appears within the limits of their domain. Woe unto him, if he does! He would be maimed or torn to pieces almost immediately. Otherwise the dogs of Constantinople are peaceful and harmless, and just as indolent and lazy as their masters, the Osmanlis, themselves. The Turks, who are very kind to animals, as all Orientals are, protect their street dogs by every possible means. A cabman who overruns a dog, heedlessly enjoying its *dolce far niente* in the middle of the street, has to pay a fine of one *medjidié* (about three and a half shillings). Abd-ul-Hamid spends quite a big sum for the upkeep of the dogs that swarm round his kiosks and palaces. He has a whole retinue of servants whose particular duty it is to feed the canine citizens of his magnificent Metropolis. An Englishman offered the Turkish Government a large sum of money for permission to kill all the street dogs of Constantinople, and to export their skins. Abd-ul-Hamid was indignant at this offer, and gave strictest orders never in future to consider any proposals for disposing of his invaluable quadruped street scavengers.

Street dogs waiting to be fed at one of the Padishah's kitchens at Constantinople

In Constantinople the street scavengering is done by communities of dogs, each community working in and jealously guarding its own particular qua ter of the town. To these dogs the Sultan shows more consideration than he does to many of his subjects, for he keeps a retinue of servants whose sole duty it is to feed these canine citizens

Ambulance Dogs in War Time

Very different from the Sultan's street-scavengering dogs are the animals trained to the noble purpose of ambulance work in war time. The pioneer of this work in the English Army is Major Richardson, but our Continental neighbours have forestalled us in this branch of military organisation. In Germany for the past twenty years there has existed a special staff for the purpose of training dogs for employment in the field. The Russians, too, fully alive to the use of dogs on the active list, applied to

Dogs Trained for Ambulance Work

Major Richardson and two of his typical ambulance dogs which have rendered such good service to the wounded in the Russo-Japanese War

Major Richardson for a number of his dogs. The animals were despatched, each with a trainer and the Major's commands written in English on a slip of paper. Tribute is paid to the value of the dogs by Captain Persidsky, of the late Count Keller's staff. He wrote: "In finding the wounded men, with which the millet fields are strewn, nothing has succeeded like our seven dogs. Their intelligence, especially the English-bred ones, is astonishing. During the last engagement, twenty-three men, lying in unsuspected places, were found in this way." The most suitable type of dog for training is found to be the Scots' collie—not the highly bred aristocratic show dog, but the working collie. Each dog is fitted with a waterproof saddle, on each side of which is a large pocket, containing bandages and stimulants, so that, should the wounded man not be beyond self-aid, the arrival of the dog places the means within his reach. In any case, the dog will remain beside the helpless man till the attention of the stretcher-bearer accompanying the animal is attracted. At the word of command, these intelligent brutes will scamper off, and with powers of seeing and hearing far beyond those of man, search thoroughly over a wide area, and, as the Russian captain already quoted bears witness, will find men who otherwise either die a lonely death or undergo prolonged suffering.

A Lyrical Success of the New Season

"THE BLUE MOON" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Mr. Hamish McCunn (Musical Director) — *Mr. Courtneidge* (Producer) — *Mr. Paul Rubens* (Music and Words)

"What will Talbot say?"

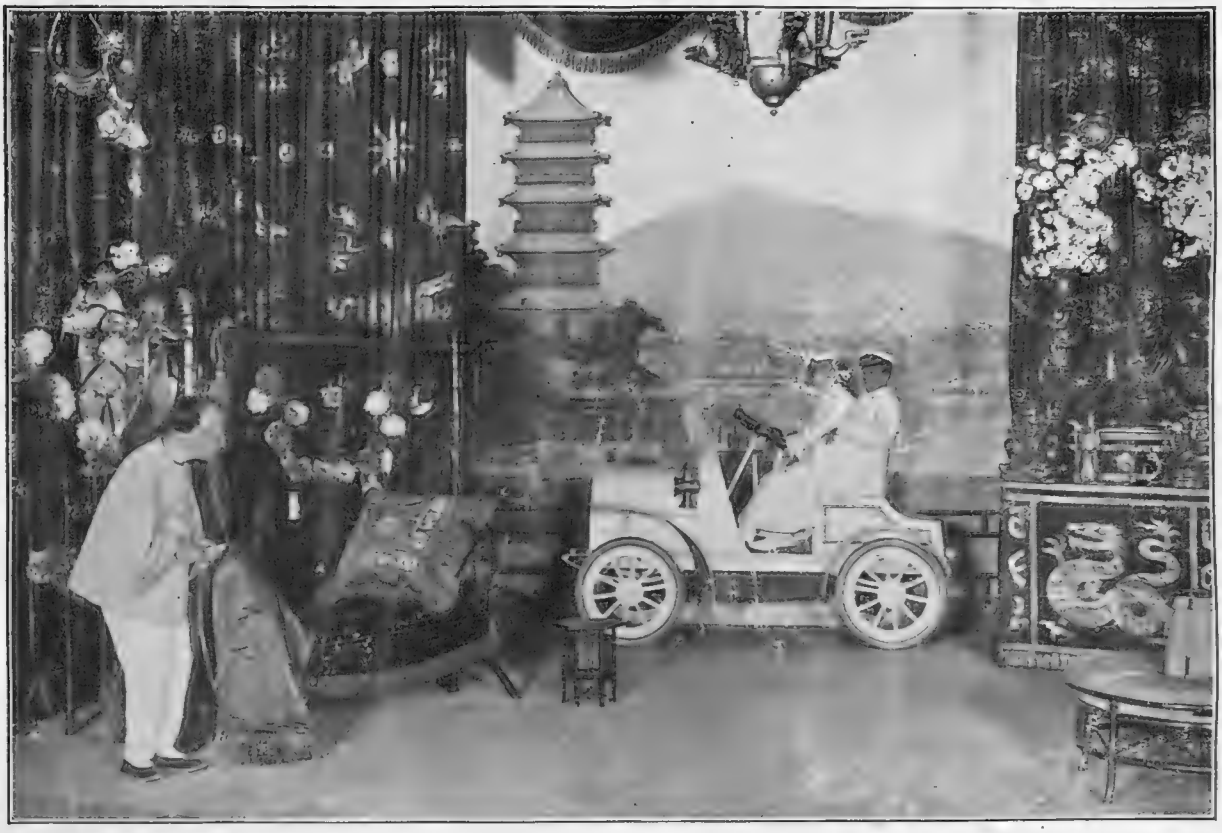
Mr. Howard Talbot, who was associated with Mr. Paul Rubens in composing the music of the *Blue Moon*, had disappeared, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting his *confrères* to be photographed without him. Finally, they accepted the situation with the simultaneous remark, "What will Talbot say?"

Photos by] **Miss Florence Smithson, as Chandra Nil ("Blue Moon"), a Singing Girl** [*Play Pictorial*

Miss Smithson, a newcomer to London, made a most favourable impression. She has a light soprano voice of very pure quality, and she acts as well as she sings

A Lyrical Success of the New Season

"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



Mr. Henry Lytton and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith make an effective stage entrance on a motor-car

Photos by *Play Pictorial*

Mr. M. R. Morand, as Sin Chong, a Chinese servant, sings to the Japanese serving maids

THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE PRODIGAL SON" AT DRURY LANE

That first act of *The Prodigal Son!* It is almost without a flaw. It introduces us to the characters and to the play without a single unnecessary word. The play moves from the very beginning, and the momentum it has acquired seems destined to carry it along to a finish, with never a halt by the way. However, it does not—quite; but this is a later story. Even the first act does not commence the play. There is a tableau for the purpose, apparently, of carrying the minds of the people away — away from London to the rugged grandeur of Iceland's lofty peaks. In this scene, the sheep made their appearance—the famous sheep which were served up among the tit-bits of preliminary gossip.

The sheep wended their way across the stage, the "left flankers," to use a military expression, looking over the footlights with a look which said more plainly than words, "What the deuce?"

An Ovation for the Sheep

Yes, the sheep won the first ovation from a house on the tip-toe of expectation. Then the closely-knit first act, which unfolded the story of Oscar Stephensson's home-coming, and the manner in which he won over the bride of his brother Magnus. The dramatic situation was worked out with the most admirable clearness.

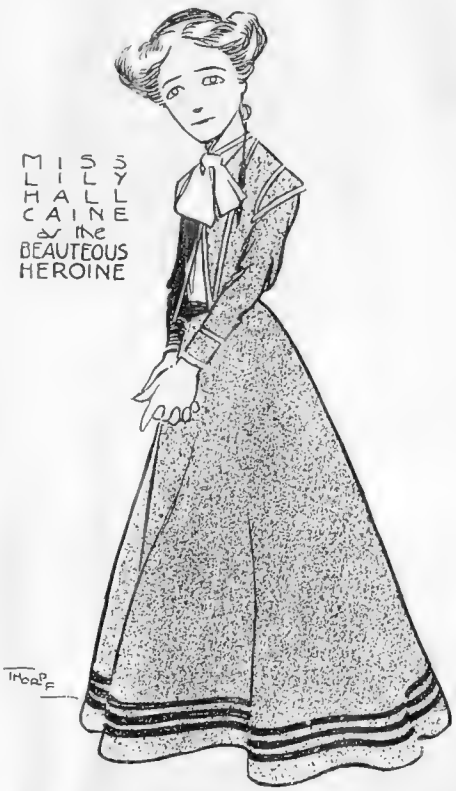
So cleverly drawn were the three characters — Magnus, Stephen, and Thora—and in such a manner were they played by Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. George Alexander, and Miss Lily Hall Caine, that one's interest in them and their future career was enchained. Even then there was an awkward situation to bridge, viz.: the agreement of the parents of the young people to the unexpected substitution of Oscar for Stephen as the betrothed of Thora. One had no time to dwell upon the consideration, how unlikely it would be that the parents would have consented to the change. The situation was carried with a rush.

In the second act another character is added to carry on this human story. This is Helga, Thora's sister. She, of course, is the evil genius of the "Prodigal Son." Oscar has turned to her as a kindred spirit, and Thora, for the sake of her husband's entertainment, has consented to Helga accompanying them on their long honeymoon trip.

When the curtain rises, the Prodigal has gone far on the downward grade. He is in love with Helga, and to satisfy her passion for gambling he has forged his father's name to a bill.

A Weak Second Motive

Gambling is introduced as the second motive of the play. It is much the weaker. Consequently, the interest which had been sustained so admirably in the early part of the play commences to flag. After the second act, which culminates in the tragedy of Thora's death, the interest drops in a lamentable fashion. The third and purely gambling act, which takes place at a Casino on the Riviera, is wearisome. The action of the play slows down almost to a halt. Helga is in some degree responsible for this state of affairs. Her motives are so mixed that at times she is very difficult to fathom. Possibly, the dramatist intended to show her in love with Oscar, but, from motives of greed, willing to give him up for a rich admirer, Neil Finsen. Miss Nancy Price was not successful in giving a very clear portrait of Helga in this act.



The Play Tails Off

The end of the play, Oscar's return to Iceland, slightly atones for the slowness of the third act, but on the whole it must be said that the play does not fulfil the high hopes engendered by the opening.

The best acting opportunities fell to Mr. Frank Cooper. No praise can be too high for his earnest, restrained rendering of Magnus. His performance was distinguished by that estimable quality known as reserved strength.

Mr. George Alexander brought all his talents and

personality to bear upon the rôle of the Prodigal Son. It was no fault of the actor that Oscar is subsidiary to Magnus in point of interest.

Mr. Austin Melford and Mr. Henry Neville both had parts which called for considerable emotional power. Both came well up to the mark, Mr. Neville, if anything, slightly over-stepping it. The production was gorgeous. E. C. S.

At the Adelphi

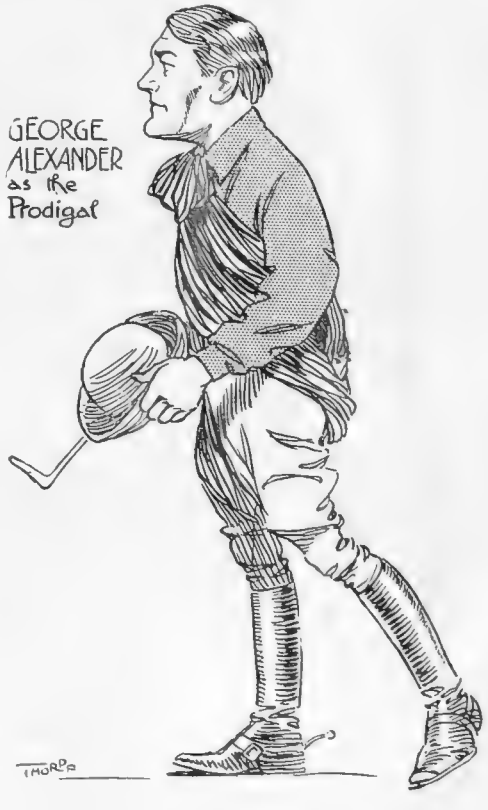
The authors of *Dr. Wake's Patient* have every reason to congratulate themselves, not only on the resounding cheers, from stalls and gallery alike, which greeted their appearance before the curtain at the close of the play, but also on the hearty reception given to every act. The great heart of the B. P. is always susceptible to a simple love story, set out in a clean, wholesome manner, with just the necessary touches of pathos and comedy here and there to lift the strain from one set of emotions to another. And in *Dr. Wake's Patient* this is just what it gets. There is the quaint old farmhouse where the hero (Mr. C. M. Hallard), the son of yeoman parents, who, by hard study, has become a Harley Street specialist, was born, and into which, as the result of a fall from a horse, the heroine (Miss Lilian Braithwaite) is brought "feet foremost." She soon recovers, however, and the Harley Street specialist proves as adept at making love, in the good old-fashioned manner beloved of Adelphi audiences, as he does in bandaging the heroine's arm. Thus is the play started on its well-worn way. There are difficulties, of course, before the necessary happy conclusion is reached, and in these, humour and pathos intermingle in the usual manner, alternately provoking laughter and lumps in the throat. The acting throughout was of a very spirited character, everybody working well and artistically to earn their well-merited success. By the way, both of the joint-authors, Mr. W. Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord (Miss Edith Ostlere), played parts in the production.

The Alhambra

"There is always something new at the Alhambra," is an expression which is heard on all sides, and is a flattering tribute to the enterprise of the management. The "Something New," at present, consists principally of Miss Anne Dancrey, who has returned to the Alhambra after an absence of twelve months, during which she has been, for a period, the bright particular star of the Folies Bergère. Her latest creation —for it is far more than a mere dance—is entitled "Maxixe," the daring and grace displayed by Miss Dancrey being warmly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Ellis Barrieton is another welcome friend. His romantic début, some months since at the Alhambra, will be recalled. Mr. Barrieton, who had never appeared on the stage, was out of work, and applied to Mr. George Scott for work, which that astute manager promptly gave him.

The Palace

Miss Madge Fox, the Flip-Flap Girl, is "doing stunts," as the Americans say, at the Palace these days. Dressed in a long trailing raiment and a picture hat, she whirls head over heels round the stage, eating up the laps in great shape. Some slight apology may be necessary for the vernacular contained in the last sentence, but really the Flip-Flap Girl contributes a turn to which due justice cannot be done without the employment of appreciative slang. The Palace Girls are as lively as ever. Then Chanti, an artiste all things by turn and nothing long, shows that he can contribute dance and song characteristic of any rôle he chooses to assume.



Matters Musical

Some Future Musical Events

Many arrangements have already been made for the forthcoming season. The Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Wood as conductor, and Mr. Maurice Sons as first violin, will give the first of their eight symphony concerts on November 4. The London Symphony Orchestra also announce a series of nine concerts, each of which will be played under a different conductor, and are making the experiment of having four of these in the evening. Before either of these series commence, however, the Norwich Festival will have come and gone. Beginning on Wednesday, October 25, this will last till Saturday, the 28th. Herr Fritz Kreisler is the instrumentalist engaged, and he will play violin concertos by Bach (in E major) and Max Bruch (in G minor). Mr. Joseph Holbrooke and Sir Hubert Parry are both represented by new works: the former composer's "Five Bohemian Poems" for baritone, and the latter's setting of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," being down for performance. The directors of the Crystal Palace are following up their policy of last season of endeavouring to make Sydenham a musical centre for South London. To this end they have arranged for a series of vocal and instrumental concerts, and have engaged a number of artists of the first rank. Amongst the earliest to give recitals in the Metropolis itself will be Mischa Elman, who is fortunate in securing such an accomplished pianist as Miss Adela Verne to bear him company.

Photo by *Beresford*

Herr Fritz Kreisler

Who will play at the Norwich Musical Festival in October

An Early Work of Strauss

It is curious to note that while every performance of Richard Strauss's polyphonic *Symphonia Domestica* is starred and double-starred in the announcements, such a really interesting work as the same composer's symphony in F minor, which was played in London for the first time at a recent promenade concert, is allowed to make its appearance quite unheralded. This is almost typical of the respective compositions, for, whereas the latest infant of Dr. Strauss's genius made his entrance to the world bellowing lustily on every instrument that the modern orchestra affords (and a good many that it does not), the work now referred to, which was written when the composer was only twenty years old, is entirely rational and effective.

Its "Points"

In this symphony the analytical programme, rather cruelly, it may be alleged, professed to "trace the influence" of various classical masters. As a matter of fact, the work is singularly original, and though no one will pretend that it holds the attention spell-bound, it is, taken as a whole, far more entertaining to listen to than the shrieking discords which are characteristic of the composer's later works. There is plenty of variety in the first movement, which forms a fitting prelude to the humorous and vivacious Scherzo. A melodious Andante follows, and a somewhat long-drawn Allegro brings the composition to a conclusion. Listening to this, one could not help thinking that it was a thousand pities that a musician of such talent should ever have found out what an attraction mere noise, if used sufficiently abstrusely, has for the uninitiated.

Mr. Wood's Opportunity

Whatever Mr. Wood is, he is certainly enterprising. He has, however, missed one opportunity. If Mr. Tree founded an Academy of Acting, why does Mr. Wood not start an Academy of Conducting? He is already on the staff of several important institutions, but he would have such a much better chance if he had a school of his own. Mr. Walter Passmore would no doubt be open to an arrangement to act as Professor of Deportment, and a syllabus of the Principal's lectures would probably run somewhat as follows:—

> The conductor—his importance—the necessity of wearing a voluminous tie—the bâton an encumbrance—how to conduct without it—how to bow with *empressement*—how to applaud a good performance with the hands uplifted—my famous gesture delegating all credit to my band—how to acquire it—how I trained them to stand up when they see it coming—with other matters that no would-be popular conductor can afford to ignore.

A substantial income might be made by allowing the public to be present on payment of a fee.

H. F.

The New Link in the Cape to Cairo Railway

THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE OFFICIALLY OPENED TO-DAY

It is only fifty years ago since David Livingstone, while exploring the course of the Zambesi River, heard from afar the rush and roar of the great Falls—the greatest in the world — which he was the first to discover. To-day, with such rapidity does our civilisation conquer the waste places of the earth, it is possible for the traveller to buy a return ticket thence, and to view Victoria Falls with no more discomfort than attends a trip to Niagara. It is true the journey is longer, but this seeming inconvenience is well repaid by the greater magnificence of the African Falls. To gain any adequate idea of what the Zambesi Falls are like, it must be remembered that a broad, sluggish river, over a mile wide, which just before its descent passes several well-wooded islands, suddenly hurls itself for its whole breadth into a chasm some three hundred feet wide and four hundred feet deep. To this chasm there is but one outlet, known as the "Boiling Pot," through which the captive water surges and swirls into a narrow zigzag channel some thirty miles long, on each side of which rise cliffs four hundred feet high for its whole length. One of the sights most commented on is the wonderful rainbow which always spans the gorge where the mist and spray from the Falls is thickest. Fortunately for the traveller in South Africa, the only place where it was practicable to build a railway bridge across the Zambesi was quite close to the Falls. An arduous undertaking this, yet the bridge shown in our illustration stands as a triumph of engineering skill, by means of which the promised railway from Cairo to the Cape has advanced upon another stage of its journey. Is it possible to harness Victoria Falls in order to supply with electrical power the new and ever-growing districts through which the railway passes? The mere sightseer heartily wishes not, for power stations have an unfortunate way of obtruding themselves into the natural beauties of a landscape. This question has been discussed by the British Association in its recent Congress in South Africa, and in the opinion of experts, coalfields are too abundant, and "the produce of some is reported to be nearly equal to the best Welsh." That there is a great industrial future in store for South Africa seems evident, and when it shall be in sight (worked otherwise than by Chinese labour), no doubt the possibility of obtaining power from the Falls will receive further attention.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Professor Darwin

Who to-day opens the new bridge which spans the Zambesi River at Victoria Falls. Professor Darwin, himself one of our foremost scientists, is a son of the great Charles Darwin, and President of the British Association

Reproduction of a set of stamps printed to commemorate the opening of Victoria Falls Bridge

Philatelists will be able to rejoice in having another pretty series of stamps to add to their collections. For the benefit of collectors we may mention that the colours of the set in the order of their values are: brick red, blue, mauve, light green, dark green (almost black), and heliotrope

Nature, Science, and Sport on the Great Zambesi River

View of Victoria Falls, as seen from the North Bank of the Zambesi

A photograph of the great bridge which is to be opened to-day, taken when it was nearing completi n

The South African "Henley": A Zambesi Regatta, which took place recently just above Victoria Falls

In our illustration, two of the competing native crews are seen returning to the landing-stage after the Native State Race in dug-outs. Civilisation in its best sense is associated with the building up of character, and the Zambesi pioneers, by inculcating a love of sport, would seem to have made a good start in this direction on the Zambesi folk

A Possible Future Holiday Resort

The Victoria Falls Bridge over the Zambesi, which is to be opened by Professor Darwin to-day

At the close of the business portion of the British Association's tour in South Africa, which ended at Johannesburg, the main body of the visitors left for Bloemfontein, *en route* for Victoria Falls, in order to be present at the opening ceremony. The bridge, which is seen in the illustration, is the highest in the world, being 400 feet above the river. It is 600 feet long, and its completion signifies that 1,633 miles of the great railway scheme for linking up the African Continent, projected by the great Empire maker, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, are now completed. We understand that, already, excursion tickets to the Falls and back may be booked

The Palace of a Prince of Trade

The Lounge at Kennyhill House, Glasgow

At the end of entrance hall is the lounge, having large mantelpiece of Pavonazzo and Onyx marble, on the upper part of which are grouped wind indicator connected with vane on roof, barometer, hydrometer, and clock

Staircase and Lower Hall

The porch gives entrance to principal hall and staircase of Pavonazzo marble. The public rooms, entered from the main hall, have large doorways, 6 ft. wide, which slide into the thickness of the partition walls, and have arches above filled in with stained glass

The Conservatory at Kennyhill House, Glasgow, the residence of Mr. Thomas Hinshelwood

A central steam boiler, 22 ft. long by 6 ft., supplies heat for the house, kitchen, conservatories, greenhouses, swimming bath, and also the hot-water supply. There are beautiful fireplaces in every apartment of the house, and the whole establishment can be kept at a temperature of 60 deg. Fahr. inside, with an outside temperature of 30 deg. Fahr., without the aid of coal fires

The Palace of a Prince of Trade

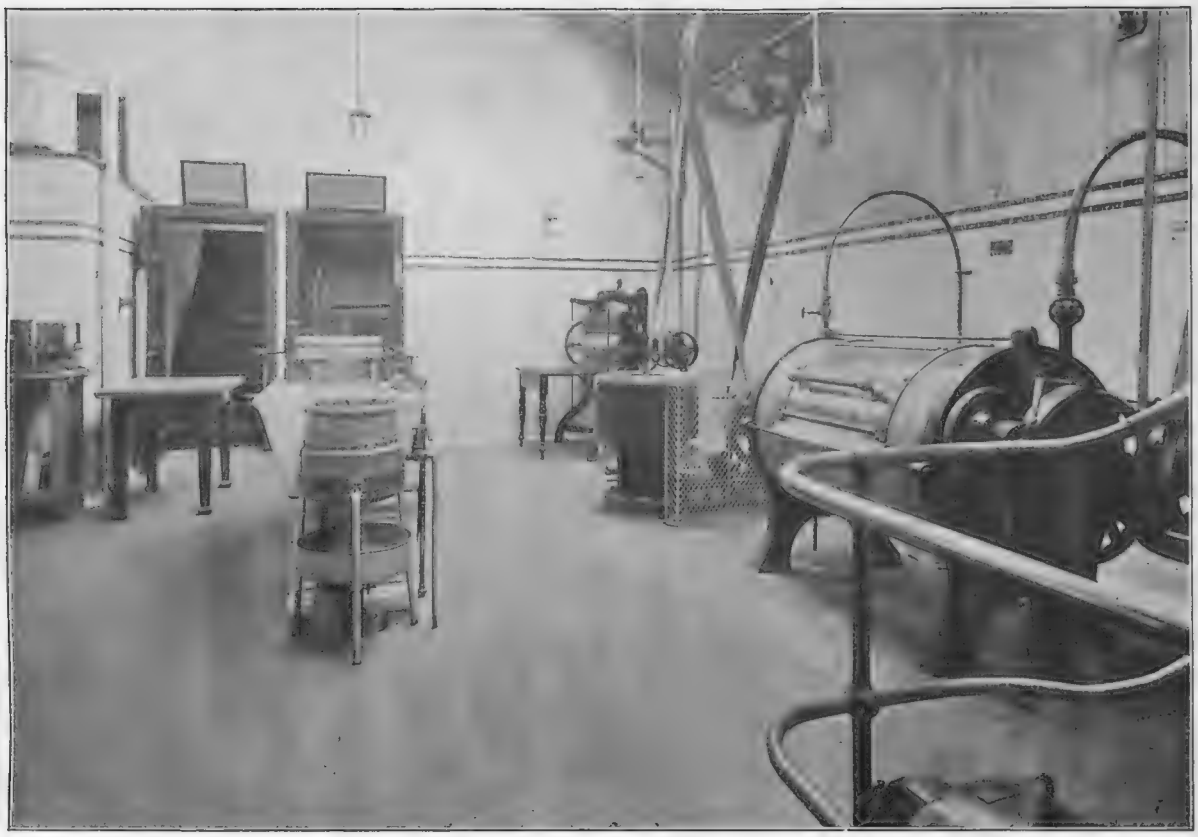
Roman Bathroom at Kennyhill House, Glasgow, the splendid residence of Mr. Thomas Hinshelwood

There are four bathrooms in the house, the principal bathroom being a large apartment 21 ft. by 16 ft., having Turkish bathroom adjoining. In the large bathroom there is a large Roman bath of Sicilian marble, having steps down from bathroom floor. The Roman bath is 10 ft. long by 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 4 ft. 6 in. deep, and serves as a plunge bath in connection with Turkish and Russian baths

The Swimming Bath, with boat attachment

The swimming bath is 45 ft. by 22 ft. broad, with gymnasium and dressing-rooms attached, connected with special stair from bedroom floor

The Palace of a Prince of Trade



Electric Laundry at Kennyhill House, Glasgow, the residence of Mr. Thomas Hinshelwood

The laundry is fitted with washing machine, mangle, hydro-extractor, all driven by electricity. The ironing is also done by electricity

The Serving Room at Kennyhill House

The kitchen cooking and serving apparatus are fitted with steam and gas, there being no coal fires. The notice seen hanging at the end of the room is curious. It says: "Do you admire people who invariably put everything back in its proper place? It is to be hoped you are one of them"

The Palace of a Prince of Trade

Billiard Room at Kennyhill House, Glasgow

The billiard room is a large apartment, 40 ft. by 25 ft., and is fitted with table and accessories of the latest type. Throughout the house there are numerous specimens of emblematic and heraldic stained glass. There are two large conservatories and vinery, also extensive ranges of greenhouses

American Bowling Alley at Kennyhill House, Glasgow

The American bowling alley is the full regulation size, and was constructed in New York and shipped over in sections

The King's Visit to L

GLENQUOICH LODGE, WITH A VIE

The King will be the guest of Lord and Lady Burton at Glenquoich for a week, commencing next Monday, September 18. Last year, sport in Glenquoich Forest was poor, the King only killing two stags. Glenquoich, part of the old Macdonell estate, has been held for the past thirty-tw of the Invergarry and Fort Augustus Railway is a beautiful old church built and endowe

Lord and Lady Burton

W OF THE FAMOUS DEER FOREST

o years by Lord Burton, who is chairman . At Invergarry, the station for Glenquoich, l by the Ellice Family, and enriched by a finely-wrought bell, presented by Lord Burton, and bearing the following quaint inscription :—

Lord Burton gave me
John Taylor made me

May my tone be often joyful
And my ring but rarely mournful

OUR SHORT STORY

A GIRL IN THE GLOOM

By MRS. PIERRE B. PATTISSON

The darkness of the moist tropical night was intense, impenetrable, and profound. Away in the distant harbour of Singapore innumerable lights twinkled like stars in the gloom from the many ships at anchor.

A blaze of electric radiance lit up the interior of the famous "Raffles's" hotel, but out on the wide terrace that ran parallel with the long verandah, which overlooked the harbour, the gloom was intense. A thousand scents of sweet tropical flowers hung fragrant on the humid air, and the cool, damp breeze that generally springs up after sunset, blew refreshingly from the direction of the sea.

Captain Wreybridge, R.N., after lighting a cigar and strolling along the terrace, could scarcely see in the darkness as he picked his way amidst the many chairs that stood outside for the convenience of the lounging, after-dinner crowd that usually filled the gardens at Raffles's. The sailor finally came to anchor at the farthest end of the terrace, and subsided into a comfortably cushioned bamboo chair with a sigh of content.

As he leaned back, puffing slowly and with much enjoyment at an excellent cigar, his keen, dark eyes rested dreamily on those twinkling lights from the harbour, his nostrils inhaled the heavy, dewy fragrance of the flowers, and he presently fell into a reverie, a wondering reverie, as to why he had never married?

The question was one that had never troubled him much before, but there was something in the delicious dreamy atmosphere of this tropical night that suddenly awoke a vague slumbering romance that was buried away somewhere out of sight, out of mind, in his heart, and he all at once came to the conclusion that the fact of his persistent bachelorhood had been caused through his never having come across the one woman whom he considered possessed sufficient charm to arouse his peculiarly critical fancy.

His reverie was disturbed by the approach of two figures who were coming slowly along the terrace towards his retreat, the figures of a man and woman, and Wreybridge could just make out the glimmering of the latter's white draperies, which looked almost ghost-like in the gloom as the pair came to a standstill only a few paces from his chair.

A big flowering shrub in a gaily painted tub partly screened his corner, and the darkness did the rest. The girl's face he could not see, but he was just able to make out that she was tall beyond the average.

As they paused, the man went on speaking eagerly, passionately, to his companion, and Wreybridge thereby became an unwitting and unwilling eavesdropper. But, as he all at once recognised the man's voice, his scruples vanished, and he continued to listen, disgust and indignation struggling for mastery within him.

"Do you really care, my darling?" the man asked, in his low, well-bred, caressing voice.

"Care! I care so much that to know we must part—perhaps never to meet again—will break my heart," came back the answer, in tones, the beautiful, thrilling cadence of which struck on the ears of the unseen listener with a species of enchantment.

"Part! Why should we part?" the man demanded in response to the girl's speech, and he spoke with a quick recklessness vibrating through his tones. "Dear, will you brave everything and come away with me to-morrow in the yacht?"

"Go with you! Then we shall be married, and I can tell Lady Vavasour?" breathed the girl in almost ecstatic tones, and, as the words were softly wafted to him, the well-cut lips of Captain Wreybridge were drawn together with an involuntary sternness.

"We—we can be married at Colombo, dearest," the man answered hurriedly. "We can arrange it all after. I know the Consul there. I have such a short time here it would create too much fuss if we told anyone at the last moment, so to speak. Let us run away, darling. You can trust me? You know I adore you," the low, suave, seductively tempting voice went on, and by the movement he made Wreybridge guessed he had drawn the tall, slim form into his arms.

"I adore you, darling. I cannot go and leave you behind me. I should be wretched, miserable, every hour of the rest of my life. Let it be as I wish. Trust your dear self to me. You do trust me, Thea?"

"Trust you! Oh, I would trust you with my life," she answered softly.

It was at this juncture Wreybridge made up his mind to interfere. And as he rose to his feet, determination written large on his good-looking, clean-shaven face, he wondered who could this girl be who appeared to be so friendless as to have fallen a prey so easily to the vanity and unscrupulousness of the man who was now tempting her to elope with him. Wreybridge had recognised the name of Lady Vavasour as belonging to the wife of the Governor, and that only made the whole thing more strange to him.

Throwing away his cigar, he advanced towards the couple.

"Hallo, Langham," he exclaimed, with well-feigned *bonhomie*. "I thought I recognised your voice. I only had a fleeting glimpse of you in the dining-room here this evening. How are you, and what on earth brings you to Singapore? It's ages since I've come across you."

The man addressed wheel round and peered at the speaker through the darkness.

"Oh, Wreybridge!" He replied, with a somewhat uneasy laugh, while his companion suddenly averted

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 548*)

"BROTHERS IN BRODRICK"

ROAD SWEEPER IN BRODRICK CAP *(to Tommy who has had to stop because of the dust)*: "Pass on friend, hall's well!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON

(*Continued from page 546*)

her head, though it would have been quite impossible for Wreybridge to make out her features in the gloom.

"It's so dark it's hard to recognise anyone," went on Langham quickly. He seemed nervous and obviously ill at ease. "I'm yachting and knocking about generally," he added.

"Is your wife with you?" Wreybridge asked abruptly, and with a pitiless distinctness, though all the time he felt a perfect brute for shattering the girl's love dream, and her faith in human nature, perhaps for ever.

The slender figure started and half turned round, and Wreybridge felt instinctively that she was gazing startled and expectant at the man by her side.

"My wife, er—no," replied Langham, after an uncomfortable pause, and very lamely.

"*Your wife!*" the low, exquisite voice of the girl panted at their side, a whole tragedy of woe tearing a great rent in its sweetness, as it were. "Your wife! Oh," and with a sudden, quick, gasping breath she turned and stumbled hurriedly away along the terrace, and was almost instantly lost to sight in the darkness.

Langham muttered a curse under his breath, while Wreybridge, with apparent unconcern, wished him a brief good-night, and entered the hotel, leaving the other a prey to only such thoughts as could agitate the breast of such a man at a moment like this.

And Wreybridge felt as absolutely certain as if the unknown and mysterious girl who had been so nearly deluded into ruining her whole young life had told him, that there would be no elopement on the morrow, no picking up of the threads where they had been so abruptly severed in her intercourse with Langham.

Wreybridge had always known Reggie Langham to be utterly selfish, but not so absolutely unscrupulous as this. The son of an impecunious Irish baronet, Langham had married, at twenty-six, an enormously wealthy woman, considerably older than himself. Since, he had only cultivated three pastimes—yachting, motoring, and making audacious love to every pretty woman he met, generally with more or less success.

The next morning Wreybridge left Singapore far in the wake of his cruiser as it churned its way through the blue waters and rolled gently in the long swell of the Indian Ocean. His being was vaguely stirred by the memory of that exquisite voice, his interest more deeply stirred still by the whole incident, and the identity of the almost invisible girl whose white dress h[illegible] so fa[illegible] gleamed out of the darkness of the [illegible]

[illegible]rce years had passed a[illegible]y since Wreybridge had left Singapore, and they had been busy years for him, into which so many various events had been crowded as to almost obliterate the memory of that episode in which he had played such an important part on the dark terrace in front of Raffles's hotel.

He had been broiling for the past year at Bombay, and was now returning home [illegible]ce more, on leave this time. At Colombo he [illegible] to change into a steamer that was h[illegible]d, a P. and O. mail steamer that was pretty well crowded [illegible] passengers, some coming from China, others [illegible] Australia, these latter having likewise changed at Colombo—the Clapham Junction of the East, as this charming port is sometimes called.

Amongst Wreybridge's fellow-passengers were one or two officers' wives, who were going home to restore their health and renovate their complexions after the arid heat of Bombay.

The *Secunderabad* did not sail till midnight, and most of the passengers, who had spent the evening and dined on shore, did not go aboard until late. Amongst these later was Wreybridge. Here he came to the timely rescue of a small, somewhat pretty, rather made-up little woman, who was in difficulties about a valuable bracelet which she had dropped. Wreybridge was lucky enough to find it, and when he restored it to her she overwhelmed him with voluble thanks in a well-bred, somewhat shrill voice.

The next day, when the *Secunderabad* was going full steam ahead, her huge screw lashing the blue waters, Wreybridge and the owner of the bracelet drifted into a friendly conversation, for their deck chairs happened to be side by side. In the course of her busy chatter, she told him she was chaperoning an heiress, an immensely wealthy young Australian heiress, to England.

"Such a responsibility," she exclaimed, all her bangles, to one of which were attached a whole host of absurd little charms, jingling as she fanned herself energetically. "And the girl is so ridiculously shy. She has shut herself in her cabin because everyone made such a fuss about her, and stared at her on account of her huge fortune. In fact, she was a never-ending source of the liveliest interest to all on board from St. George's Point to Colombo. She declares she won't appear at all for the remainder of the voyage, for fear of a repetition of the same thing now. So silly of her, isn't it?"

Wreybridge smiled slightly. The young lady and her almighty dollars did not interest him in the least, though her fame had already spread abroad through the ship, and everyone was on the tip-toe of expectation to see her.

"I hear she is perfectly lovely, her chaperon told me," Mrs. Molyneux, one of the officers' wives from Bombay, informed Wreybridge a few day later. "And she is absolutely disgustingly rich. I think it is wicked that one wretched girl should possess all that money," she wound up with a little *moue* of discontent.

And so the days passed, and the heiress continued to remain invisible, not even appearing at meals—a proceeding that raised everyone's curiosity to fever heat, everyone's except Wreybridge's. His acquaintance with the voluble little lady who was acting as the girl's chaperon, the Hon. Mrs. Newton, had reached a more confidential stage on her part, and she imparted to him a few more facts about her charge.

"She was frightfully poor, just imagine, and was earning her living as a governess. Her father had been in the Army, and when he died she was left penniless. She was governess with a great friend of mine when she unexpectedly found herself the next-of-kin to one of the richest men in Australia, old

(*Continued on page 550*)

WHEN THE GAME IS RATHER SHY

BY PENRHYN STANLAWS

(Continued from page 548)

John Branceforth. When he died, the lawyers advertised in the home papers for any next-of-kin, and as her relationship was proved beyond a doubt, she became sole inheritor of his huge wealth. We are just coming back from Australia now, where she has been on a visit to some of her enormous sheep farms and other property."

And so the little lady rattled on, and Wreybridge wondered rather amusedly why she picked him out to be the receiver of her confidences.

One evening, when most of the first-class passengers were playing bridge in the saloon or otherwise amusing themselves, Wreybridge lit a cigar and made his way to the upper deck, which was given over to solitude and the stars save for the presence of a couple, in a dark corner, in search of a quiet flirtation, and the figure of one solitary girl who was pensively leaning over the rail, her face turned to the quarter from whence came a warm, damp breeze.

He could make out that she was tall, slender, and apparently very graceful. Her face was averted from him, but, all the same, he did not recognise her as being any of his fellow-passengers, with whose appearance he was quite familiar by now.

She must be the heiress, he thought, with a little amusement, who showed such a marked prejudice against allowing herself to be seen, and he glanced at her from time to time, but without much curiosity. Rather, her pose and the white gown glimmering out of the darkness brought back to his mind that now nearly forgotten episode at Singapore. It was almost just such another night—moist, warm, and as dark, save for the stars.

All at once voices sounded on the deck beneath, and the girl turned hurriedly as if to make her escape, but in the gloom she stumbled over a coil of rope, and fell sideways on the deck, half sitting.

Wreybridge was by her side in an instant, politely helping her to rise, but when she tried to stand she gave a little moan of pain, and staggered against him. She would have fallen had he not quickly put his arm round her.

"I am afraid you are hurt?" he said, courteously. He could just make out the pale outline of her features, and some delicate fragrance was wafted to him, the faint fragrance as of tropical flowers.

"It is my ankle," she replied quietly and with perfect self-possession. "I think I must have sprained it."

But Wreybridge had started suddenly at the first sound of her voice. The low, exquisite cadence of it struck him anew as when he had heard it before, or one very like it. Surely, there could not be two voices in the world so much alike, he thought.

"If you will allow me, I will carry you down to the lower deck, and then hunt for a stewardess and the Doctor," he said after a little, almost involuntary, pause on his part, a pause during which he felt his heart beating somewhat more quickly.

"Oh, thanks; but indeed I cannot give you so much trouble," she answered, with a certain gentle dignity. "I am sure I can manage to hobble down somehow."

But the pain was so intense when she essayed to move, she had to cling to her companion's strong arm to save herself from falling. Without any more ado Wreybridge picked her up as if she had been a baby and carried her down to the lower deck, where they were met by Mrs. Newton in almost a frenzy of excitement.

"Oh, Thea, what has happened; and where have you been?" she exclaimed, as Wreybridge placed the girl gently on a deck chair, and a little crowd, more curious perhaps than sympathetic, gathered round.

"I stupidly fell and twisted my ankle, Nonny," she explained. "But it is nothing to make a fuss about," she added, protestingly, as Mrs. Newton, who could not exist without fussing, sent for the Doctor, the head steward, the stewardess, and her own maid. She gave a host of different orders as between them all the girl was borne off to her cabin, and alternately thanked Wreybridge effusively, and declared it was the luckiest thing he happened to be on the spot when the accident happened.

Then she hurried after her charge, while he betook himself to the smoking-room, there to ponder deeply.

"*Thea*," and that voice! Yes, this was the unknown girl—or must be—he had so strangely befriended, and had saved from the unscrupulous clutches of a gentlemanly libertine and a scoundrel. And yet he had not seen her face. That was still a mystery to him, still veiled by darkness.

About a week after Miss Branceforth's accident, her chaperon informed Wreybridge that she had induced the girl to come up on deck, and, with all the fuss Mrs. Newton considered befitting the occasion, the invalid was carried up from her cabin and installed in a long deck chair, liberally furnished with cushions of the downiest description.

Everyone was agog to see the heiress at last in the flesh, and even Wreybridge—though from a very different cause—felt a tinge of the prevailing excitement as he raised his cap and went over, as in duty bound, to inquire after the ankle; and for the first time he saw the face of the mysterious girl of Singapore.

"Yes," he mentally decided, as he sat down beside her chair, and they commenced a friendly conversation, the face in this case more than matched the voice. Such a beautiful face, with a hint of pathos in the down drooped mouth in repose. A complexion like satin, with the tint of the wild rose, and large, beautiful, gray eyes.

After that day she and Wreybridge seemed to glide into a marked friendship, possibly merely one of those ephemeral on-board-ship ones on her part, but in his heart of hearts Wreybridge knew that he was growing perilously fond of this beautiful girl, with the little look of wistful seriousness in her eyes.

One evening, the last before they entered the Bay of Biscay, the pair were sitting side by side on the upper deck, not speaking much, for their friendship had got beyond the stage of polite inanities.

"Do you know, Captain Wreybridge," she said, suddenly, "I cannot help thinking I have met you before somewhere, but I cannot remember where it could be. I am certain I should have recollected

(Continued on page 552)

A FEMININE VIEW

SHE: "They say he was a nobody when she married him"

HE: "What is he now then?"

SHE: "Why, her husband, of course!"

DRAWN BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE

(Continued from page 550)

your face had I seen it before, but, oddly enough, that is what I cannot recall. But I am haunted by a sort of inward conviction that we have met, must have met, somewhere."

He looked straight into her questioning eyes.

"Were you ever at Singapore, Miss Branceforth?" he asked abruptly.

Her face suddenly became crimson in colour and then very pale.

"Yes," she murmured. "I lived there for a year. I—I was governess to Lady Vavasour's three little children. But I could not have met you there. I—I hardly met any strangers while there."

Her eyes had drooped the long, dark lashes casting shadowy tints on her cheeks. Wreybridge felt the blood hurrying through his veins in a storm of emotions, and his heart beat thickly as he bent forward and spoke in a low tone.

"Do you remember a certain night at Singapore—on the terrace outside Raffles's hotel? You—you—"

The crimson had flooded her face again in a veritable flame. She put up her hands to cover it.

"You—what do you know of that night?" she whispered.

"I was there. I came up and spoke to your companion. I reminded him of a fact he had appeared to have forgotten," went on Wreybridge grimly; "the fact that he possessed a wife."

Then he added, brusquely and a little bitterly—

"Probably you did not thank me for my interference—at the time."

But she remained silent, and there was something in her silence that hurt him horribly. He suddenly and forcibly took possession of her hands and drew them from her face.

"Did you care—for that man?" he demanded. "Do you still—care?"

"Care for *him*—now! Oh, no, no, no. I never really cared," she broke forth passionately. "I know that now. I knew it afterwards. But I thought I cared."

"Thank God, you don't care," he said fervently.

He was still holding her hands, and she let them lie in his warm, strong clasp. A sudden feeling of content and well-being had crept over her, mingling with a strange new shyness. She was silent, and her eyes gazed out over the moonlit sea.

"Thea, Thea," he whispered madly. "I believe I've loved you ever since that night, absurd as it may seem, for I never as much as saw your face. You were merely a girl in the gloom to me. But your voice haunted me for months after. You had awakened an interest that the past three years only caused to sleep, never killed. Since I saw your face for the first time that afternoon you came on deck, I must have straightway fallen in love with you all over again. I have not the shadow of hope, I know, that you can ever care for—for me," he went on a little bitterly, "but I must speak. We part so soon now, and may never meet again."

"Don't say that," she said, so low, it sounded almost like a sigh. Her hands seemed to flutter in his, then nestle closer in his clasp.

His pulses throbbed tumultuously.

"Thea, is it possible our parting will—hurt you?" he whispered, hurriedly. "Is it possible you can care?"

"I—I think I have cared for quite a long time," came back the tremulous response.

. . . . .

It can scarcely be said that Captain Wreybridge let the grass grow under his feet, for in less than three weeks after they landed in England he was bound hard and fast by every tie, both legal and Episcopal, to this, his one and only love who, he declared very emphatically, had come literally out of the darkness to brighten his whole life.

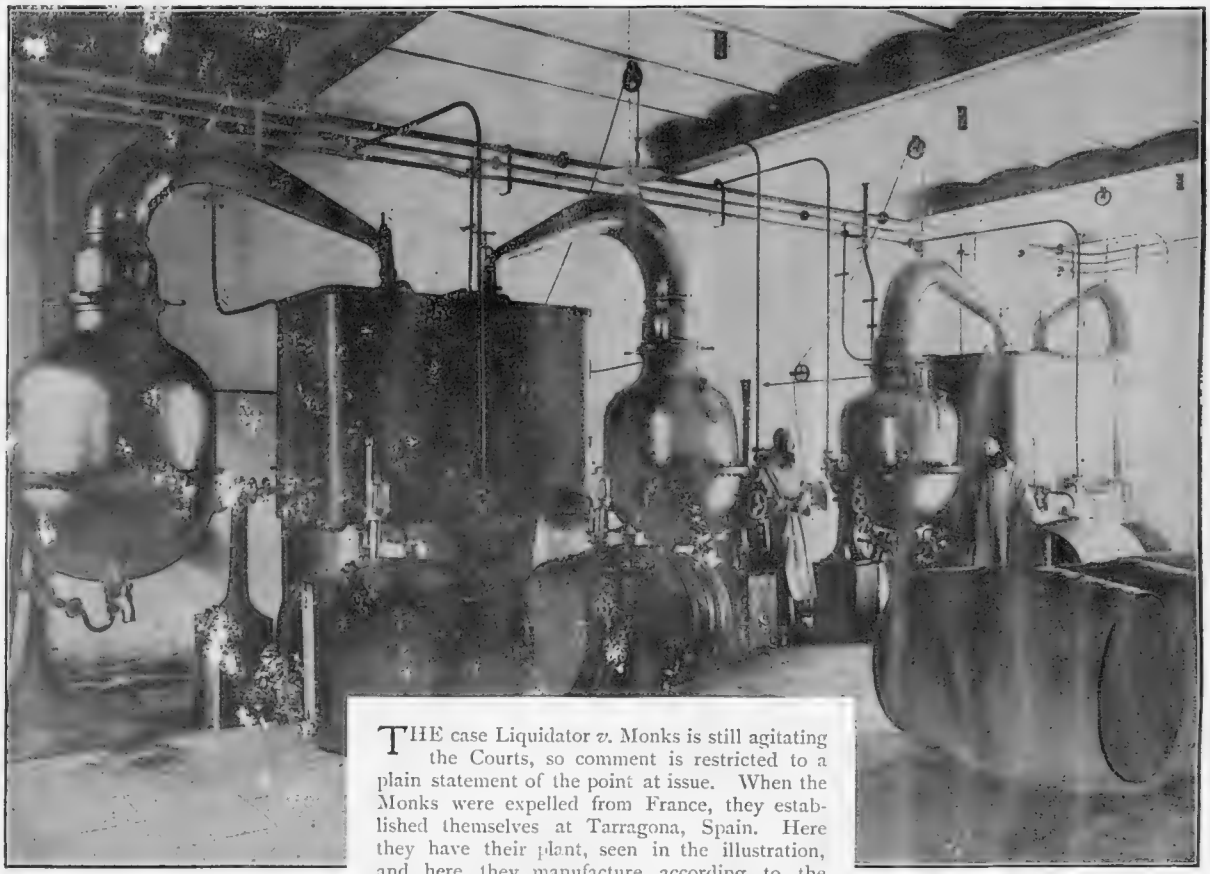
MRS. PIERRE B. PATTISSON.

Photo by *Walter Kirton*

A Scene in the Country of the Herero, whom Germany has been Attempting to Subdue: Fruit Market, Dar-es-Salam, German East Africa

Expelled Carthusian Monks

WHO NOW MANUFACTURE THEIR FAMOUS LIQUEUR AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN



(1) A corner of the new distillery at Tarragona

THE case Liquidator *v.* Monks is still agitating the Courts, so comment is restricted to a plain statement of the point at issue. When the Monks were expelled from France, they established themselves at Tarragona, Spain. Here they have their plant, seen in the illustration, and here they manufacture according to the recipe which they have so jealously guarded. But from their old home in France the Liquidator appointed by the Government to take over their property is also sending out liqueur to the world under the well-known label and title. The Monks charge the Liquidator, not alone with having confiscated their property, but also with falsely using their trade mark. In other words, they assert that the liqueur of the Liquidator is not the genuine article.

(2) View of the labelling floor of the monastery, whence the real Chartreuse comes

The Library

Whenever Mr. E. V. Lucas takes anything in hand it seems bound to be scholarly, humorous, and from first to last arresting. On our library shelves we have his delightful little anthology of verse, "The Open Road," with its appropriate end-pages, and we have awaited with eagerness the successive volumes of his edition of Lamb, published by Messrs. Methuen, a work to which he has brought a rare sympathy, which places his edition among the best published. As a writer of topical humour Mr. Lucas met with instant success when he collaborated in producing "Insidecompletuar Britanniaware," and more recently in "Change for a Halfpenny," while his guide-book, "Highways and Byways in Sussex," is one of the most charming efforts of its kind. It is to this branch of literature (for the modern guide-book may with safety be classed as such) that Mr. Lucas has recently made a notable addition by *A Wanderer in Holland* (Methuen: 6*s.*), which is illustrated with twenty illustrations in colour by Herbert Marshall, and thirty-four illustrations after old Dutch masters. Mr. Lucas soon shows us that he is equipped with the natural faculties for his task—the seeing eye and the telling phrase, without which the guide-booker is a very dull person indeed. Trite facts are not to be found here—they are left to Baedeker and his kind. What Mr. Lucas has attempted is "a series of personal impressions" of the country and its people, and when hard facts come into the narrative they are enveloped in humour, and we swallow them like sugar-coated pills. For instance, Mr. Lucas does not wade into jarring statistics over the immense amount of carrying done by the Dutch canal boat. He simply says, "The barge is the Pickford van of Holland." There you have it all in a nutshell. Again, many writers have written at length on the proverbial Dutch cleanliness. Mr. Lucas devotes a few impressive lines which stick in the memory: "'It's a fine day, let us kill something,' says the Englishman; 'Here's an odd moment, let us wash something,' says the Dutch vrouw.'" In this case, the telling allusion says to the imaginative reader as much as forty pages of printed matter could, and with more impressiveness. We like this guide-book, and only wish we had more space to quote from its admirable pages. And at six shillings it is remarkably good value.

In Miss Florence Warden's new novel, *The House by the River* (Fisher Unwin), we meet with much of the familiar element which has made the previous novels from the same pen so attractive to many readers. The heroine of this sensational romance is a "typewriter girl," to whom various strange things happen. Her husband deserts her on the wedding morning, and disappears. She goes to a lonely house in the country, "Riverscourt"; here she is shot at; later she is thrust into a wing of the house which is on fire, and is only saved by a private detective living in the house disguised as a footman. Many other startling events occur ere the story reaches a satisfactory conclusion. Every chapter contains a thrilling situation, and the book is full of ingeniously devised surprises. In short, this is a book in which the miserable "sensation-seeker" will revel. Those readers to whom this title does not apply should put down instead in their weekly library lists: *Twisted Eglantine*, by H. B. Marriott Watson (Methuen: 6*s.*); and *Knock at a Venture*, by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen: 6*s.*). In the case of these two books the names of their authors are a sufficient guarantee for their contents.

The situation in the Congo Free State (a mockery of words this name) has again been causing much discussion, yet nothing has been done by any of the Powers to wipe out the nefarious methods by which the Belgian Government carries on the rubber trade. That the already discredited King of the Belgians should have added the extra stigma to his reputation of receiving profits made by means of a system of *organised* plunder and massacre is perhaps not remarkable, but that this sort of thing should be allowed to continue is a cause of disgrace to the whole civilised world. Those who would read for themselves of these things may do so in a book written by Mr. Edmund D. Morel, entitled, *King Leopold's Rule in Africa*, and published by Mr. William Heinemann. From this work our illustration on page 556 has been reproduced, showing the armed force by which the Belgian Government conducts its *peaceful!* trading with the natives. The facts, in brief, are these: The natives are forbidden to sell their rubber to any but Government agents, or agents in the employ of companies in which the Government is pecuniarily interested. This means, of course, that the native receives simply what the Belgian Government chooses to pay him for his wares, and when it is remembered that the profits of one company amounted in two years to "four times its nominal capital," the *raison d'être* of the whole dirty business is at once discernible. Naturally, in these circumstances, the natives are not eager to work, and in order to keep up the rubber supply, and, incidentally, the revenues therefrom, they are driven to labour by means of a force armed with rifles, the upkeep of this force costing the Belgian Government 7,700,000 francs a year. The state of things implied by this fact is self-evident, were it not borne out by the stories of mutilation and massacre which have, from time to time, been reported through the missionaries. Of these things and of many others Mr. Morel tells us in his book, a copy of which should be in the hands of every public man and on the shelves of every public library. In conclusion, Mr. Morel says: "The tale of King Leopold's rule in Africa is told. A piratical expedition on a scale incredibly colossal. The perfection of its hypocrisy; the depth of its low cunning; its pitiable intrigues; the illimitableness of its egotism; its moral hideousness; the vastness and madness of its crimes—the heart sickens and the mind rebels at the thought of them." Strong words these, yet amply borne out by the unimpeachable testimonies contained in the author's work.

Readers who have not a *Pepys' Diary* on their shelves can now obtain an excellent edition of this classic in Messrs. Macmillan's Globe Library a three-and-six. Those who, for the first time, are reading Pepys should not forget to preface their introduction by reading Robert Louis Stevenson's critical essay on the immortal diarist, which is published in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.*) Another interesting little reprint, which recalls Cambridge life of fifty years ago, is that of *Euphranor*, by Edward Fitzgerald, just issued by Mr. John Lane in his admirable little Pocket Library at eighteenpence.

G. F. J.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature, Etc.

King Leopold's Rule in Africa. By E. D. Morel. (Heinemann: 15*s.* net.)

A Wanderer in Holland. By E. V. Lucas. With twenty Illustrations in colour by Herbert Marshall, and thirty-four Illustrations after old Dutch Masters. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Pepys' Diary. Reprint. With Introduction by G. Gregory Smith. (Macmillan's Globe Library: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Euphranor. By Edward Fitzgerald. Reprint. (The New Pocket Library: John Lane, Bodley Head: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

New Fiction

Twisted Eglantine. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Knock at a Venture. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Queen's Man. By Eleanor C. Price. (Constable: 6*s.*).

The House by the River. By Florence Warden. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Sin of Laban Routh. By Adeline Sergeant. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

The Cardinal Moth. By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

A Bookman's Gossip

An Uncanny Author

To me one of the best letters which have appeared in that most interesting correspondence in the *Daily Graphic* on strange experiences in people's lives is from the pen of Mr. R. H. Sherard, the well-known journalist, who has spent so much of his life in Paris, and knows the City of Light as few Englishmen have ever known it. Mr. Sherard, by his own showing, has an extraordinary sensitiveness when friends of his are dying. An unexpected nocturnal visit from him would be almost as bad as hearing a dog moaning in the night, and you know that *that* always means death! A dog moaned outside a house one night and a child in the house died. "Now, phwat Oi wa-ant tew know," said the Irish father, "is, how did that dog know me choild was goin' fur tew doy?" A pertinent question. The long arm of coincidence can stretch so far that I am always chary of believing in direct intervention of supernatural powers. Mr. Sherard is evidently emotional, and apt to follow the lead of his immediate feelings. His dramatic pause at Daudet's door, almost at the moment of the great French writer's sudden death, his hasty run to the hospital where his anarchist friend died, his meeting with and his return to poor Ernest Dowson, all so vividly narrated, might yet be explained by coincidence, and as Mr. Sherard is a thorough Bohemian, his chances of such experiences are much greater than those of a desk-chained scribbler.

An Odd Meeting

I have met Mr. Sherard once only and in unusual circumstances. There used to be in Paternoster Row a dirty old storehouse of back numbers, and being on the hunt for an old magazine, one day I had descended to its cavernous depths, where, among the litter of old periodicals, I found a man, wearing a blue "sweater" and tweed coat and trousers,—as unlike an author and a Parisian as one could imagine,—examining a pile of old monthly magazines. We fell to discussing the curious nature of the business carried on at the place, which he very happily described as "the knacker's yard of literature," immediately giving me a full account of "Back Number Budd," a New York worthy who carries on a similar business. But what interested me most was the avowed purpose of his visit to this old cellar. It appeared that he had been asked by a publisher to give him a book, and had just remembered that he could do so by collecting a series of short stories he had written a year or two before for the *Woman at Home*. Being the reverse of methodical, he had no copies of these, and had come to search them out among the back numbers. Here is the odd thing. We never introduced ourselves to each other, no names were mentioned, yet I knew in a moment that he was Mr. Sherard, and I can only attribute that to having seen his portrait somewhere, to Mr. Sherard's having written for the *Woman at Home*, and to some allusion to Paris life having passed. I fancy that the Sherlock Holmes business must be as easy as taking one's breakfast!

From *Success Magazine*

Mr. I. Zangwill is one sort of American

(See paragraph on "Zangwill's Little Joke")

Zangwill's Little Joke, and Others

Artemus Ward knew his fellows well, and never showed deeper knowledge than when he used to put "(writ sarcastic)" after some of his jokes. It is needful sometimes to help the lumbering intelligence of the denser brethren, whose name is legion. Mr. Emanuel also touches this point in his "Note on British Wit," where he illustrates how editors of funny columns assist their readers, giving this imaginary example:—

HE MEANT THE OTHER SORT

JOHNSON: I say, why is Jackson like Kruger?

BOHNSON: I have no idea.

JOHNSON: Why, because he is an awful "BO(E)R(E)."

(Jackson, when he begins talking, never knows when to leave off.)

But while Mr. Emanuel thus jests at the editor who is apt to spoil a joke by making its machinery too obvious, there is need at times to be explanatory, as it appears Mrs. I. Zangwill discovered when she and her husband were last in America. A well-known New York club was entertaining Mr. Zangwill, and Rear-Admiral Coghlan, in proposing the health of the distinguished guest, remarked that it was a pity they could not claim him for the United States. The humorist, in his reply, said that his friend need not worry over that, as in a way he did belong to the United States, "through my wife, by marriage." This was news, as everybody understood that Mrs. Zangwill was an English lady, so one of those present, a Mrs. De Mille, determined to settle the matter by asking her.

"I did not know that you were an American, Mrs. Zangwill?"

"But I am *not* an American," said the lady.

"Why, your husband certainly said so, or words to that effect," and Mrs. De Mille then repeated the story. Mrs. Zangwill laughed merrily.

"Why, don't you see? It was a joke. The United States, through his wife; by marriage. United state—the married state!"

Rather let a joke be lost than have to explain it, and always avoid the person who volunteers to interpret

his own or anyone's quip. Therefore, avoid the person who writes the "Table Talk" in the *Literary World*, as this is one of his many weaknesses. In the current number he quotes some lines from *Truth* on "Rudyard's Rhymes," a topic I have already discussed, and goes on to say: "*Truth* mischievously places an asterisk after 'gen-er-a-ti-on' and appends a footnote, 'Copyrighted, 1905, by Rudyard Kipling, in Great Britain and the United States. All rights reserved.' The insinuation is that it is this novel rhyme that is copyrighted." Who would have thought it?

Historic Magazines

I hear that these two famous magazines, *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, have been acquired by the Amalgamated Press, and will presently undergo a process of rejuvenation. Of late years they have had a somewhat inauspicious career, but time was when they were foremost among the monthlies, and sold in enormous numbers. Who does not recollect with pleasure the one in its palmy days, under Norman Macleod, and the other, when it was conducted by Mr. Benjamin Waugh? I never followed their serial fiction, which I believe was always of the best, but the travel articles, usually abundant and well illustrated, were my favourite reading. The manager of a very large provincial newspaper agency told me some five years ago that twenty years back the publishing day of *Good Words* was one of the chief events of the month, and he had then to send a large waggon to the station to convey the stock of that and the *Sunday Magazine* to the warehouse for distribution, but that latterly a boy could bring up the supply under his arm! It would be a great pity to see them disappear, and I am hopeful that Mr. Hartley Aspden will bring back to them a large measure of their old popularity, and, indeed, achieve for their old familiar names even greater success than they have ever enjoyed.

Jewry and Literature

I notice that a Jewish lady has been reminding us that Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto—which really does seem by way of succeeding as an international language—is a Jew, remarking that when one of that religion does anything discreditable his being a Jew is mentioned, but the fact is seldom indicated when one has done something worthy of praise. There is truth in this, though it is also true that many of our Jewish countrymen seem ashamed of their religion by disguising their names, as Mr. Zangwill brings out very well in "Children of the Ghetto." There is no denying the cleverness of the Jews. In the literary world they are as strong and successful as in most other branches of life. Lady Magnus, who is a charming poet, and whose "Book of Verses" is being published by Messrs. Routledge, is the wife of that well-known authority on technical education, Sir Philip Magnus, and their son, a distinguished *littérateur*, is managing director of Routledge's. Mr. Laurie Magnus was formerly Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and, later, editor of Mr. Murray's educational publications, before taking up the management of the old firm of Routledge. Mr. Sidney Lee, who is editing Methuen's Standard Library; Mr. F. G. Aflalo, the popular writer on sport, whose reminiscences are announced for immediate publication; Mr. Israel Gollancz, the eminent scholar and editor of innumerable classics; Mr. Julius Price, the artist-correspondent; Mr. Emanuel, of *Punch*, and many another name of note in literature or journalism appears in "Who's Who in Jewry."

J. A. H.

The Agents of the Modern African Slave Trade: The "Force Publique" of the Congo State

Reproduced by kind permission of the publisher, William Heinemann, from "King Leopold's Rule in Africa," by E. D. Morel. (See page 554)

A New Salmon for the Thames

Although not so absolutely satisfactory in every way as our salmon, the *Salmo hucho* of the Danube and its tributaries is a fine game fish, and it has the advantage of being non-migratory—at least, this is an advantage when it is a question of stocking a river like the Thames with salmon, though no purely fresh-water fish can equal in flavour those which feed chiefly in the sea.

Salmon for the Thames

At the present time, some thousands of huchen fry are being reared at Mr. Gilbey's hatchery at Denham for the Thames Salmon Association, which was formed a few years ago to see if the Thames was now pure enough to support salmon, an experiment which, if not as yet successful, has already given rise to most interesting questions—for instance, a certain number of young salmon have been caught by the fishermen at the mouth of the Thames. Frank Buckland told me that a certain number of salmon and grilse have a "look in" at the mouth of the Thames every year, but, finding it not exactly inviting, pass on to other rivers, so that the mere fact that some small salmon have been caught at the mouth of the Thames does not prove they were those put into the river by the Association; still, if the local fishermen consider that the capture of these small fish is unusual, I certainly think it should be very encouraging to the Association, if they would only mark their smolts—the recapture of marked fish would settle the question of identity.

Mr. Frank Martin's 35 lb. "Huchen"

Taken from the Danube, near Vienna, and killed after an exciting fight of twenty minutes

Habits of the Huchen

The first English angling writer to call special attention to the Danube salmon was Sir Humphry Davy, who, in his "Salmonia," refers to the huchen and huchen fishing, and most English anglers owe to him what little they know about the fish. In appearance the huchen is similar to the salmon, or, rather, judging from the specimens I have seen, I should say it was like a well-mended kelt. Mr. Frank Martin, an English angler, residing in Vienna, who sent me some account of his sport, says: "The huchen, which does not go to the sea, is much the same build as *Salmo saler*; the upper half is shot with burnished copper, having black spots at intervals, the belly is white. The flesh of the fish is of a very pale pink, and has a similar but more delicate flavour than salmon." The picture accompanying these notes is taken from a photograph sent to me by Mr. Martin, and shows him with his short, stiff spinning rod, and two angling friends; one of them is holding up a 35 lb. huchen, killed by Mr. Martin after an exciting fight of twenty minutes—as the current is very strong on the Danube near Vienna, often running over eight miles an hour, strong tackle is used, and the angler is pretty hard on his fish. In the smaller tributaries of the Danube, small huchen are occasionally taken on the fly—my friend, Dr. Heintz, once rose and hooked a big fellow on his May fly when trout fishing, and killed it after a most exciting struggle; it was over 20 lbs.—but this fish is nearly always fished for and killed with live bait, as in pike fishing, or on a spinning bait, natural chiefly.

Sixty and Seventy Pounders

It attains an enormous size. Dr. Heintz sent me not long ago an account of how he hooked, played for a few minutes, and was then broken by a huchen of between 60 lbs. and 70 lbs., possibly larger; he tells me the huchen loves to frequent those parts of the river where the current is strongest, especially a place behind a big rock, from which it can dash out at any passing fish. It is a very voracious fish, and, like a pike, will come several times at a bait if it misses it, and when hooked, makes a strong, stubborn fight, but not equal in brilliant dash to that of a fresh-run spring salmon. The bait chiefly used on the Danube when spinning for huchen is a dace or small chub, and September to December is the best time of year for sport with this game fish. I see one writer says that, "If established in the Thames, the huchen will afford the best of fishing for the bank angler." I expect the bank angler for roach, bream, etc., will see about as much of the huchen as he does of the famous Thames trout.

R. B. Marston.

Otter Hunting on the Wye: The Hawkstone Hunt

VISITORS AND MEMBERS IN CAMP

(1) The Camp on the Wye

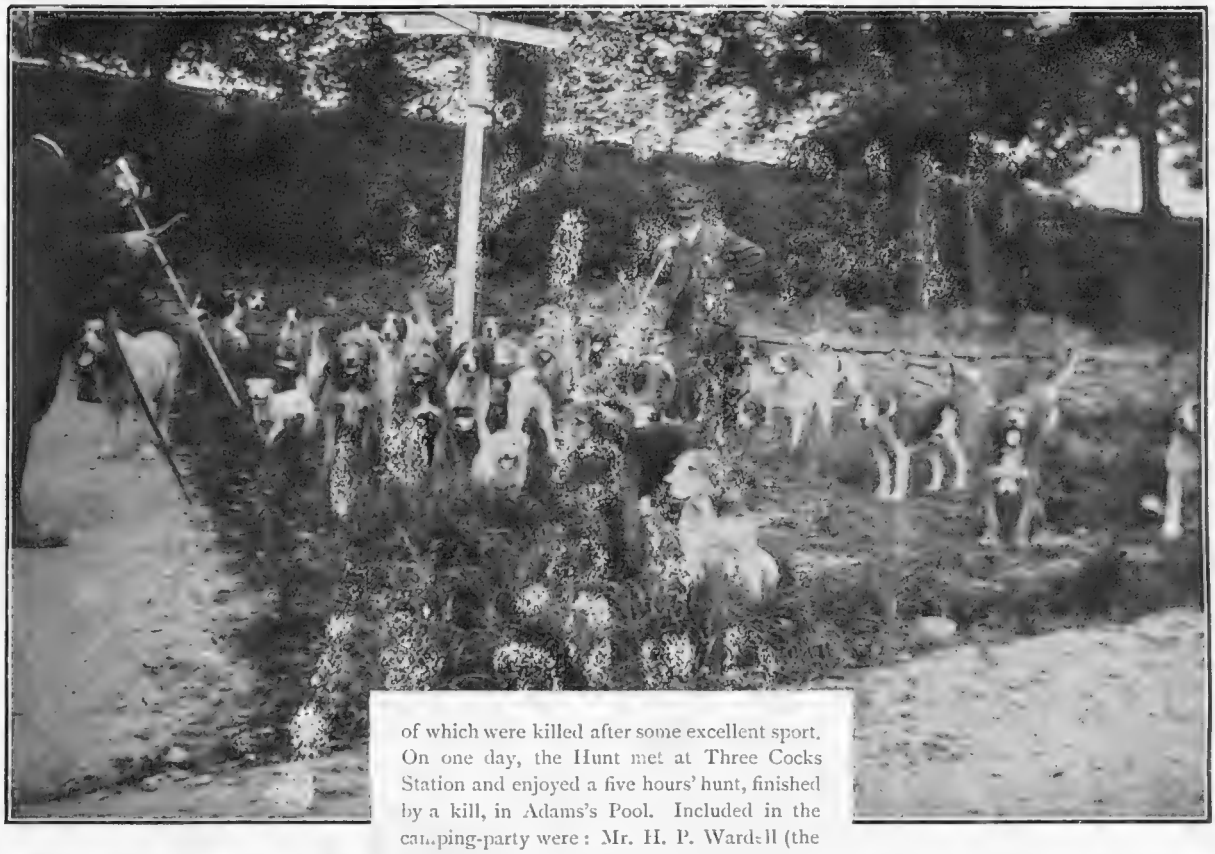
THE whole-hearted manner in which the fair sex devote themselves to field sports was illustrated recently by the feminine members of the Hawkstone Otter Hunt, who went into camp on the banks of the Wye, and enjoyed a capital four days' sport. The camp was well pitched, all the details having been planned by Captain Rankin, D.S.O., 7th Hussars. A further touch of military order and organisation was given to the camp by the presence of the bugler from the Glamorgan Yeomanry, who sounded reveille, the mess, and other calls. Six otters were found, three

(2) Members of the H.O.H. just about to start for a day's sport

Photos by *A Member of the Hunt*

Otter Hunting on the Wye: The Hawkstone Hunt

FOUR DAYS' EXCELLENT SPORT



(1) The Master, Mr. H. P. Wardell, and the Pack

of which were killed after some excellent sport. On one day, the Hunt met at Three Cocks Station and enjoyed a five hours' hunt, finished by a kill, in Adams's Pool. Included in the camping-party were: Mr. H. P. Wardell (the Master) and Mrs. Wardell, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (Stanage), Captain Money, D.S.O., and Mrs. Money, Major Williams Wynn, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wynn, Captain Rankin, D.S.O., Captain Lionel Darrell, Mr. Harley, Sir H. Ripley, Mr. G. and Miss Ripley, Miss Harley, Miss S. Harley, Mr. E. and Miss Rankin.

(2) The Kill

Photos by *A Member of the Hunt*

Golf Notes and Notions

Is Golf a Good Game to Watch?

Golf has had many abusive epithets hurled at it: it has been decried as not a first-class game, as being only fit for old men, and as not being a truly athletic form of sport. All these accusations brought in turn against it have been met and disposed of by various of its votaries and supporters. There remains, however, one reproach which is sometimes brought against golf, and which has, so to speak, been allowed to go by default, the reproach to wit that golf is not, like cricket, football, or tennis, a good game to watch. Now, before I go into the reasons which, to my mind, make golf pre-eminently one of the best games extant to watch, it will be as well to clear the ground, and ascertain exactly what is meant by the phrase, "a good game to watch." A great deal depends on the point of view of the utterer of the saying. To the true and universal sportsman, all games are interesting to watch which he properly understands, and which demand for their execution activity, quickness of eye, perfect command of bodily muscles, sureness of decision, absolute power over the particular game's implement, and subtle adaptability to the varying conditions and crises of that game. Such a sportsman may well take for his motto the famous old Latin saying, slightly altered: "*Nihil ludorum alienum a me puto.*"

The True Type of Sportsman

Such a man will go long journeys to watch a great cricket match, will sit on a hard seat in the sweltering heat of the sun, and will count his bodily discomforts as a mere nothing in comparison with the entrancing delight of seeing his favourite batsman make a great score, or his pet bowler perform the hat trick. He will sit, regardless of the biting east wind, while two teams do battle in some famous football contest, or he will put up with a crick in his neck brought on by watching the ball "toing and froing" across the net during a prolonged tussle at lawn tennis. The risk of a sun-stroke in the first case, of a terrific cold in the next, and of a stiff neck in the last, is not reckoned as of any account where his favourite sport is concerned. He will contentedly asseverate that the particular game he favours, in addition to its other charms, has the supreme merit of being "such a good game to watch," and though he may not deny almost equal merits in this respect to several other games, yet he will hesitate when you ask him whether he will include golf among them. Naturally, I must exclude from my survey, as being factors of no serious account, the social and loafing element which constitutes a large section of the "gate" in any cricket or football match. If I were to include them, I could at once prove my contention that golf is essentially a good game to watch without any difficulty whatever. I should point out the patent fact that a social picnic and mere loafing are impossible in connection with the proper viewing of a golf match, and I should add that it would do those social and loafing elements a world of good to be forced to trudge round a fine breezy seaside course following a morning and afternoon round of some well-matched single or foursome.

Educative Effects of Watching Golf

But that would be proving my argument too easily, and proving it from faulty materials. What I want to drive home is, that golf is, in its nature, a most fascinating game to watch, and that it differs from all other games in that it involves the taking of active exercise by the watcher. But I have often heard quite good golfers say, "Oh, I shan't watch that match, I shall play a round myself"; and then they will add in explanation, "After all, golf isn't a good game to watch." Yet, if they but knew it, it is the king of games to watch, not only from a merely interested point of view, but on account of the wonderfully educative effect which the study of other good players has on a man's game. I was much interested to read, in an account by Mr. S. H. Fry of the beginnings of his golf, how soon and how deeply he appreciated the truth of this fact. He recognised that the study of better players than himself would be the best and quickest high road for the attainment of a first-class game, and he ascribes his present great proficiency to his patient endeavours to solve the secrets of great players' methods, and adapt them to himself by constant watching of their various shots.

Strenuous Spectators of Championships

I have no doubt that the same thing holds good in cricket, tennis, football, *et hoc genus omne* of games. But while in those games I should be condemned to inactivity while endeavouring to acquire some new wrinkles by watching the players, at golf I have the added zest of active exercise in surroundings of the most charming and health-giving description. If it be objected that following a golf match only involves dawdling along from hole to hole, I would earnestly beg the objector to try a dose of following at next year's Championships, and I shall be much surprised if he does not radically change his opinion when he has to race along with the crowd in the endeavour to secure a good position for seeing the next shot. After a course of a few Championships, my friend will find himself considerably benefited in health, and in pretty hard and fit condition; while I am certain, provided he truly understand the game, that his mind will have been completely absorbed by the fascinating ups and downs of the match, to the utter exclusion of all petty cares and worries which may have been annoying him, with deleterious effect on his health. I hold, therefore, that golf is one of the best games to watch, and that, next to playing it, the best thing is to see it played.

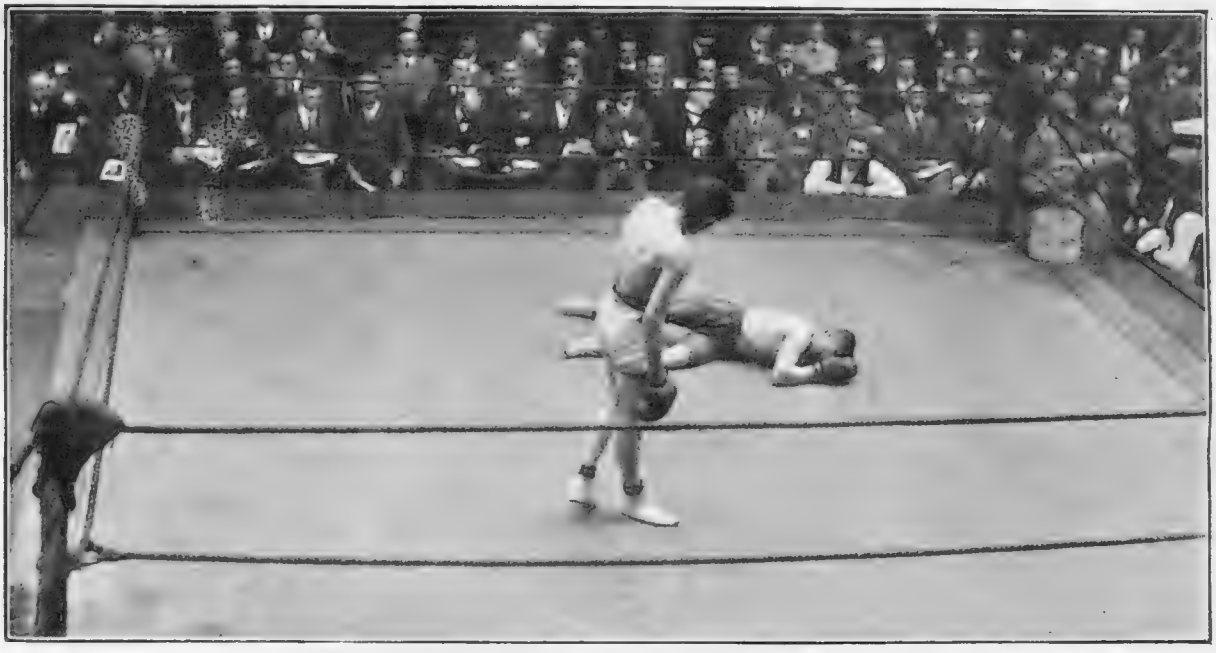
ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Army and Navy Boxing Championships

TWO CLEAN "KNOCK-OUTS"

Lieut. R. B. Campbell, D.C.L.I.
(Champion, Officers' Middle-weight)

Able-Seaman C. Watson, H.M.S. "Pembroke"
(Middle-weight Champion)



Watson, "A.B.," wins the Middle-weights

In Watson's first bout for this Championship, he put Sergt. Roberts (18th Hussars) out of court in less than a minute. In his second bout, he gave Pte. Warner (3rd Dragoon Guards) a "gruelling," besides winning on points; but in the final, with Pte. Salter (21st Lancers), Watson took nearly as much as he gave, his victory being won on points

Photos by **Lieut. Campbell wins the Officers' Middle-weights** [*Chas. Knight*

The following description of the bout, taken from our contemporary, *The Sportsman*, gives a vivid presentment of the match: "Lieut. R. B. Campbell (2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) beat Lieut. G. P. Pears (Royal Engineers).—Campbell appeared nearly a stone the heavier. Pears jabbed his man cleverly with the left until Campbell dazed him with a spanking right on the jaw. Pears partially recovered, but was dropped thrice, time alone saving him. The Engineer was in difficulties very early in the second round, whereupon the referee stopped the bout, making Campbell the victor"

With Knapsack and Kodak

By Our Special Walking Commissioner,

HENRY MURRAY

No. III.—From Salisbury to Sherborne

In Thomas Hardy's Wessex

The route from Salisbury to Sherborne lies through as beautiful a tract of country as England has to show, a paradise for the landscape artist and the lover of nature, and an inexhaustible treasure-house for the archæologist. Its most interesting point is Shaftesbury, known to the country-side and to readers of Mr. Hardy's novels as "Shaston." Once a place of vast importance, Shaftesbury is now the merest of little country towns. Its origin is lost in mists of tradition. It possessed a castle, three mints, and twelve churches. It had an Abbey, which in those happy days—

> Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's pence
> And cord and gown and shrift,
> Bluff Harry broke into the Spence
> And turned the cowls adrift—

was famous over the entire area of Europe as the resting-place of King Edward the Martyr. It was destroyed—according to local report, blown up by gunpowder—by the order of Thomas Cromwell, the powerful and unscrupulous tool of Henry the Eighth's reforming zeal, and only a few score feet of its outer wall was left above ground. Excavations were started in 1861, but till recently were only languidly pursued, when they were undertaken in earnest by a gentleman of the neighbourhood.

FROM THE SULTRY HARVEST FIELD
Daddy's Lunch: The Last Drop
Drawn by Charles Lane Vicary

The Resting-place of Saintly Relics

The site of the Royal Martyr's tomb has been settled with passable certainty, and the bones of four of the abbesses were recently discovered. A little heap of bones, awaiting re-interment, lay at the angle of one of the excavations, a thigh-bone, part of a pelvis, some vertebræ, one or two ribs. Strange to look on them, and to speculate to whom they belonged, and how many, many years it was since the flesh they bore had mingled with the soil I trod. Noble, she must needs have been—it was not everybody in mediæval times who was buried in the precincts of a great and famous Abbey. Pure and passionless saint, or world-worn, repentant sinner? Did she live here, and die here, after long years of prayer and privation offered in atonement for the sins of a world whose noise was so remote? Did she seek the healing shadow of the cloister only when beauty had gone, power departed, pleasure palled, ambition ceased to lure?

Two Active Agents in the Cause of Depopulation

The reasons for the depletion of the country-side seem to grow in number and complexity as I advance upon my way. I spoke recently of the motor-car as an agent in thinning the towns and in re-establishing the prosperity of the old posting-houses which still stand along the English roads. Those are agencies which the motor certainly performs, and will continue to perform to a greater and greater extent for years to come. But it has its drawbacks from the agricultural point of view, as was pointed out to me by a grizzled ancient, whom I found sunning himself on a heap of stones within a mile of Shaftesbury. "The motor," he said, "was disestablishing the horse. Rich people, who twenty years ago kept well-filled stables, now run motor-cars. And what use was motors to the country? They didn't want straw for bedding, they didn't want oats or chaff, or any sort of 'Christian fodder,' they didn't want nothing but that there stinking stuff to drive 'em. How could grooms, coachmen, ostlers, make a living nowadays? There was Lord —— (naming a nobleman of the district) as used to have thirty horses in his stable. Now he had six, and all the rest was motors." I wonder how often this cry of "The horse in danger" has been raised. It was heard when canals were first dug, and the pack-horse was menaced. It was heard again when the locomotive was established as a vehicle of traffic. Yet there are probably ten times as many horses working in England to-day as there were when the first sod of the first railway was turned. The horse will most likely survive the motor, as he has contrived to outlive the canal and the railway. But,

for the moment, his star is on the decline, as horse-dealers, innkeepers, and farmers, can all testify.

The railway is, perhaps, the most constantly recurring of all the varied factors which go to explain the exodus of the rural population to the towns. To the Somerset or Devon peasant of a hundred years ago, London was a thing of dream, as far away as Rome, or St. Petersburg, or Timbuctoo. To-day, it is only next door, and he can reach it with less trouble, and in as little time, as it takes for him to travel from one village to another.

Allotments and Small Holdings

The allotment and small-holding system, from which, a few years ago, so much was anticipated in the way of giving a fillip to agricultural prosperity, has done but little in that direction. Small holdings have been in existence on many estates in the southern counties time out of mind, and allotments, so small in yearly rental as one shilling, are still common. But they do not succeed in keeping the peasant on the soil, for a variety of reasons. Human nature tells in this matter as in others, and the idle, or slovenly, or unlucky holder of a small patch of ground, soon finds it absorbed by his more energetic, or more fortunate neighbour, or lets it fall through his fingers. The allotments are often at an inconvenient distance from the labourer's dwelling-place and the scene of his daily work. I spoke yesterday to one man who has a patch of ground three miles from his cottage, and five miles from the farm on which he works. In the spring and summer months he goes to bed at midnight, and rises at four in the morning. The allotment was a nice bit of ground, he said, but expressed great doubt if he would be able to keep on working at it. The rising generation is tacitly refusing such crushing labour, and it is hardly to be wondered at. The *élite* among them go to the towns, the idle and thriftless lounge about doing such odd jobs as do not entail too much exertion, manual or mental. The peasant has been touched by the breath of revolt. He is no longer content to work to the limit of his strength to-day in order that he may have the privilege of doing the same to-morrow. The older generation, broken to the yoke and the goad, plod on in the deep-worn rut trodden by the feet of their ancestors; the younger are demanding their share of the pleasures of existence.

The Lot of the Tenant Farmer

It is rather the fashion nowadays to pity the lot of the tenant farmer. A shrewd-looking elderly gentleman, whom I suspect to be a landed proprietor, but who chose to be reticent regarding his status or profession, gave me a piece of information which I have no present means of verifying, but which, if true, would rather suggest that the public pity, in this case, is not wisely bestowed. It was to the effect that, as tested by the records of the Insolvency Court, farming is still the most prosperous of all English industries. The farming class, he averred, contribute next to nothing to the number of people annually pronounced bankrupt. "And they are greedy," he added, "they don't show the friendly interest in their labourers they used to show. If a man misses a half-day's work from any cause—sickness, accident, whatever it may be—they stop a shilling or fifteen-pence out of his wages. It's a small thing, no doubt, but it means a good deal. It means much more to the labourer than to the farmer, and the spirit it shows is one of the reasons why the labourer is leaving the land. The two classes who are really suffering from the agricultural depression are those at the top and bottom of the scale—the landed proprietor and the labourer. The farmer is all right. I would a great deal rather farm land than let it; and so the farmers would tell you, if they spoke their honest minds."

HENRY MURRAY.

(To be continued next week.)

The finishing up of the haymaking season in the West of England

A Woman's Note Book

DOES MAN UNDERSTAND WOMAN?

An energetic woman journalist has been complaining that man does not understand woman. Of course not! But what nonsense to bewail the fact, since to be understood is the last thing woman herself craves for. How dull, both for the man and his wife, if the husband could predict the next charming vagary which is likely to startle his household. How supremely irritating could he truthfully remark, "I expected it," and not only receive his wife's actions, statements, and wishes, without surprise or emotion, but a so diagnose their cause and probable result, as though he were investigating some ordinary disease, which must run a normal course; whereas he really has to deal with a state of affairs—disease if you will—which seldom ends twice in the same manner, and of which the bewildered investigator can only give you one answer, that the sum of it all spells—woman.

All that a sensible woman asks of her husband is that he should find her charming; it is useless to require that he should understand her, even if she wished it, which I maintain is not the case; but so long as he considers her pre-eminently attractive, no want of comprehension can matter in the least. Nor should it be difficult for a woman of average intelligence to maintain a character for grace and charm in the eyes of an ordinarily good husband. It only requires a little tact, consideration, unselfishness, and desire to please, and is, in the end, a decided advantage to both the man and woman concerned.

I think no one is prepared to deny that in this world it is generally woman who has her way. The reasons are too numerous to mention, but probably—apart from the consideration of the personal charm which woman exercises over man—the most general explanation is that man is a creature who, in the main, loves peace, while woman, on the other hand, loves to conquer, especially in small things. But there is one great drawback to woman getting her way, which comes entirely of her own nature. It is that she does not *know* her own way. Hardly any woman knows what she wants. Even when she is most firmly fixed in determination, and goes straight to her goal, the chances are that she finds attainment unsatisfactory, and no longer desires it. But as a rule, she has *not* very fixed determination in her requirements, and, therefore, finds it impossible to seek them by the shortest and straightest methods She stops in the middle to consider whether there is not something else she would prefer, and wastes time and energy by dawdling with mere toys as a sort of relaxation in her quest. Man knows what he wants, works for it unswervingly, and gets it. When he gets it, he usually likes it. Thus it will be seen how incomprehensible women and their ways are to him. But this characteristic drawback is much more a disadvantage to woman herself—it impedes her progress and checks her at every turn; to man it is merely an insoluble problem which would suffer by its solution; and in her very unreasonableness he finds much of her charm.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A SMART LITTLE SUPPER

Clear Soup
Scalloped Oysters
Sweetbread Cutlets, with French Beans
Roast Partridges or Partridge Soufflé
Bananas in Syrup
Biscuits à la Tricotrin

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Open and beard a dozen oysters, and scald them for a second in their own liquor. Make a white sauce, into which some oyster liquor is poured, a grain of cayenne, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a squeeze of lemon. Boil this till it is cooked. Put the oysters in the scallop shells, pour the white sauce (this must be nice and thick) over them, strew breadcrumbs and place small pieces of butter on the top, and bake until a golden brown in a hot oven.

SWEETBREAD CUTLETS

Soak the sweetbreads in salt and water to cleanse them. Plunge them into boiling stock and let them boil rapidly till done Place them on a drainer, and leave them to get cold. Trim off all fat and gristle and mince them with some thick slices of cooked cold ham. For twelve cutlets use the grated rind of one lemon, the white of one egg, and the yolks of two well beaten, a little pepper and salt to taste, and two small onions chopped fine; well mix and form into cutlets; egg and breadcrumb them some hours before they are wanted. Dish with French beans (which have been boiled and then tossed in butter) in the centre.

PARTRIDGE SOUFFLÉ

Roast two partridges, remove all the meat from the bones, put it into a mortar, and pound well with 2 oz. of cooked rice, 1 oz. of butter, a little pepper and salt, and one gill and a half of glaze. Pass all this through a hair sieve, and add the yolks of four eggs, and then the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth; put into a mould, and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy round, made from the bones and trimmings, and thickened with butter and cornflour.

BANANAS IN SYRUP

Heat in an enamel-lined saucepan, some red currant jelly and raspberry jam dissolved in water, in all making a pint. When all boils, drop into it a dozen peeled bananas, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Remove the bananas carefully, boil the syrup, add a few drops of lemon juice, and strain over the fruit. Serve cold in a glass dish with a garnish of stiffly whipped cream.

BISCUITS À LA TRICOTRIN

Cut a deep hole in the centre of some shredded wheat biscuits and scoop out the inside. Fill up the cavity with a cream of devilled shrimps. To make the cream: pound the shrimps in a mortar with a small piece of butter, and season rather highly with cayenne and a little anchovy essence. Whip half a gill of cream, and add it to the shrimps, and dish up in the hollow of the biscuits in pyramid form, and garnish with watercress.

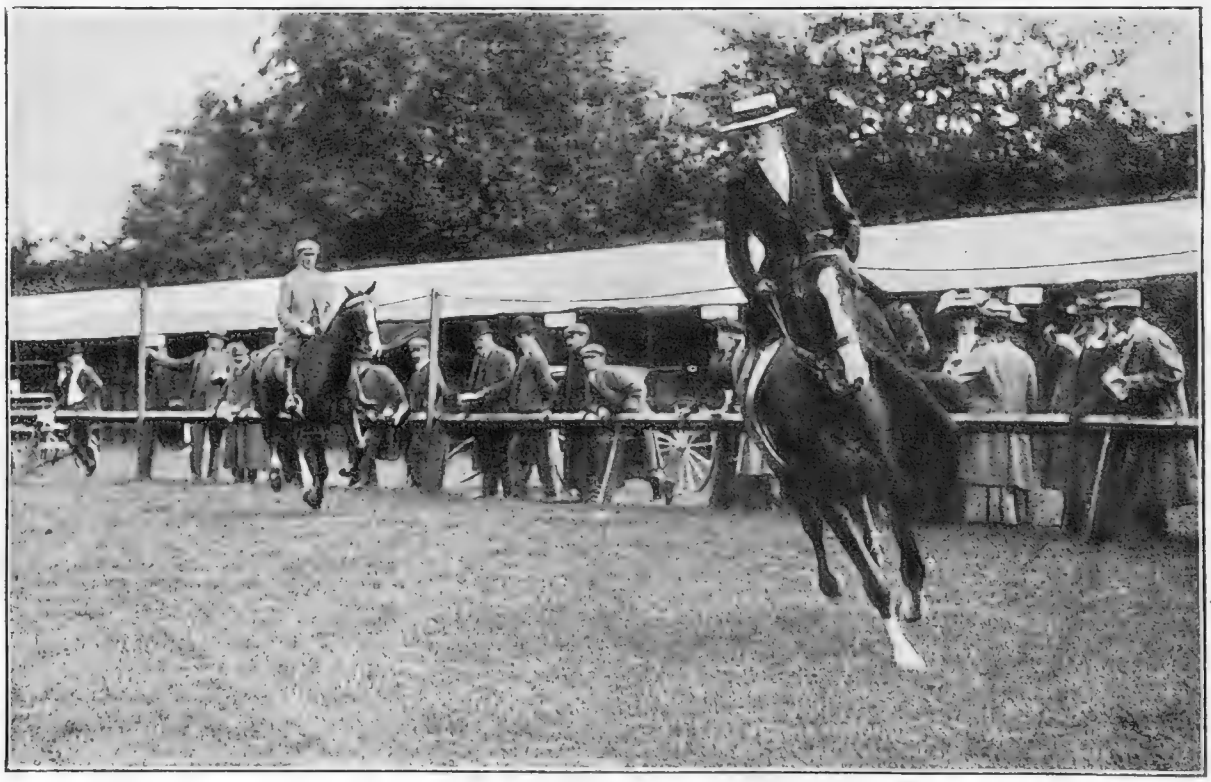
EMILIA.

Bath Horse Show

TWO SUCCESSFUL LADY EXHIBITORS

Miss E. K. Cunliffe, winner in the Double-Harness Competition

The Open Double-Harness Class attracted some well-known winners, and the judges' task was not easy. Eventually they placed first the stylish pair of black chestnuts, "Sam Weller" and "Beckingham Gentleman," exhibited and driven by Miss E. K. Cunliffe, of Tyrrels Wood, Leatherhead. Mrs. Hartley Batt, of Westbourne Street, Hyde Park, London, was second, with the bays, "Hopwood Horace" and "Hopwood Spark," while the third prize went to Dr. Francis, of Brecon



Covert Hacks in the Judging Ring: Mrs. W. C. N. Chapman, leading on the chestnut mare, "Marion," the winner

The Show this year was adversely affected by bad weather. The entries showed a falling off from last year, and competition in the Hunter Classes was less keen

The Great International Foursome for £400

THE TWO ENGLISH VICTORS IN THE FINAL AT DEAL

Taylor making the last drive of the match for England from the Sixth Tee

In spite of the boisterous weather, a crowd of spectators, who mustered 1,500, assembled at the Cinque Ports Club at Deal to witness the victory of Taylor and Vardon over Braid and Herd in the greatest and most interesting foursome that has ever been played

Harry Vardon driving at the turn

The match was a foregone conclusion when the second round was commenced. The Scotsmen carried the game to the sixth hole, the Englishmen winning by thirteen up and twelve to play

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

From Paris to the Loire

Motoring south from Paris, with Biarritz and the Pyrenees as my destination, I chose as my first halting-place the Châteaux country—the valley of the Loire. Leaving the capital about ten o'clock in the morning, the car soon reached Versailles. That big barrack of the Louis' behind us, the first name to make its appearance on the sign-post was Rambouillet—a name that carried with it memories of the ill-fated Paris-Madrid race. The mile-long avenue that leads to the little town serving on that occasion as the first control. After Rambouillet the track becomes typically French. A long, white, straight road, sometimes undulating, but in the main level—no hedges, hardly a corner, the surface excellent. Bordered generally with trees, now one is flying through an avenue of poplars, now between long rows of plane trees, their trunks peeling white. Across such country, a motor moves freely. Kilomètres pass with the minutes. One swings along on rubber and springs, tasting, without a moment's anxiety, the joy of speed.

Chartres for Lunch

Chartres, one of the most ancient places in France, is our first stopping-place—theoretically to view its twin-towered Cathedral, practically for *déjeuner*. At the Hôtel Grand Monarque we lunch in the usual excellent French fashion. The dining-room is full of farming folk, for one of the five annual fairs is being held. Lean two-year-olds, cart-horses, sheep, pigs, and donkeys, keep the market-place busy. Motorists though we be, we spare some time to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, admire the simplicity of its design and the greatness of its conception. Inside, the gloom, the coolness, the half light that filters through its fine old windows, are in sharp and pleasing contrast to our travel over the hot, white road.

A Dog and Chicken Story

From Chartres to Châteaudun we experienced trouble. A few kilomètres from the latter place we punctured. The road here has a light railway running by the side of it, ballasted with flints. Somehow or other, a particularly sharp stone from among the ballast had got on to the road. The right-hand front wheel touched it and burst with a report like a gun. Coats off, we were engaged in repairs, in fact we had nearly finished, when an aged Frenchwoman walked up to us with a dead chicken. She had a good deal to say about this chicken, and she said it quickly, almost angrily. From her torrent of talk all we could gather was her anxiety to be paid for the bird. Supposing that some car had run over it we gave her a franc, but told her that our motor was

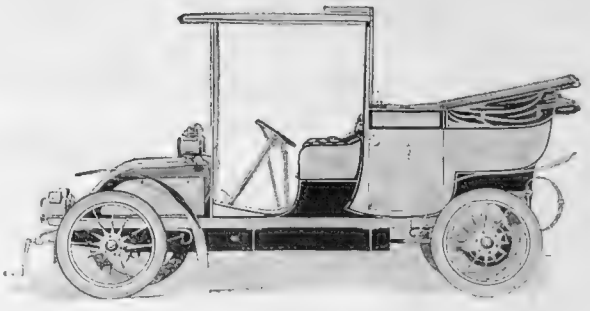
A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

blameless. This set her talking in real earnest, and she pointed excitedly underneath the car. Now, on the ground under the car was a dog. None of us had seen that dog before, none of us knew how that dog had come there. But the old woman saw that dog, only a short time ago, bite her best bird in an important place. The chicken was dead, she had traced the dog, it was obviously our dog, we must buy the bird. We disowned the dog, we threw tyre-levers at it, but that dog still hung round. "You English people," the old lady said, "carry all sorts of animals, and for you to say that a dog which sits under your car is not your dog is absurd." She hopped round from one to the other, pushing that damaged bird in our faces, talking all the time. Certain though she was of our guilt, when we left that dog behind she looked puzzled.

Blois and its Château

The country from Châteaudun to Blois can hardly be called interesting, and the only thing to its credit is that it affords remarkably fast going. We averaged nearly sixty kilomètres an hour the whole way, which is by no means bad for a moderately powered touring vehicle, with a good load of luggage aboard. Finishing with a long descent into Blois, we arrived in good time to view the Château. Carefully restored, this palace of the French kings stands well, and from its walls you get a splendid view of the shallow, sandy Loire and of the surrounding country. To the unavoidable custodian, all the associations, all the history of this Château, are centred in the assassination of the Duke de Guise. Nearly every room we went into had, according to our guide, something to do with that murder, until one got positively weary of the Duke's death. Still, the old Château is quite good, and it left us anxious to see all the great pleasure-houses of the Loire district, and making us, too, regret our scanty knowledge of French history.



The new "C.G.V." chassis

Be Business-like When Touring

At Blois, I got into conversation with an American who had just finished the Château district. Hiring a car in Paris for this special purpose, his party of five had seen every château in the district in two days. He had nothing but praise for motors as aids to sight-seeing. Worked properly, on a schedule, he said, they saved time wonderfully. As the Americans make a business of sight-seeing, they, perhaps, appreciate more than we do the value of the automobile for such work. He had a schedule in which every minute of the day was plotted out—so much time for this château, so much time for that, so many minutes for getting from one to the other, half an hour for luncheon, and so on. Without, perhaps, adopting his schedule scheme in its entirety, I must admit that those who make holiday on a motor would do well to be business-like. If possible, one should endeavour to start early every day, to avoid motoring after four or five o'clock in the afternoon, never to travel at night, not to try and cover too much mileage in one day, to make a point of taking your meals at the recognised French times. So will you enjoy the more, French roads, French wines, French cooking, and French cars.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

A Zoological Riddle

If a motorist is a "Road Hog" what is the driver of one of these? A prize will not be given for the best answer

The New "C.G.V." Chassis

Among the interesting novelties in motor-cars for season 1906, the new "C.G.V." chassis will receive a great deal of attention when it is exhibited at the Olympia Show in November. The new 14 h.-p. has several new features, notably the Cardan drive and C Spring; this latter is an entirely new departure, and has been adopted by Messrs. Charron, Girardot and Voigt after careful and exhaustive experiments. It greatly increases the comfort and luxury of the car. The London Agents, The London Motor Garage Company, 33-37, Wardour Street, have already booked several orders for this chassis, and contemplate a large demand, as it is specially adapted for cars intended for town use.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Art of Keeping Shop

The shops are going through an anxious moment, since, on the judgment exercised now, during the process of buying, technically known as stock-taking, the whole success—monetary, *bien entendu*—of the next three months' rests.

On the face of things, keeping shop seems rather alluring. There is always something fascinating about barter; and listening to the pretty patter that falls so readily from the lips of nice-mannered attendants, who are all very adept in the use of the adjective, the task appears simple enough, the sort of thing any averagely intelligent person could achieve with *éclat*. But is it? Just let those who think they could carry the pursuit off successfully, without training or experience, put in a week, and if they do not emerge wiser, though sadder women, as to the intricacies of finance, then they may write themselves as freaks of genius.

A Woman's Walk in Life

On the other hand, given good training, and a natural aptitude for the work, as I have before found occasion to relate in these columns, there is a splendid opening for women of taste and refinement and education as heads and buyers of departments. Quite recently I had the privilege of being shown over one of our largest and most advanced drapery emporiums, and was perfectly amazed at the exceptional comforts provided for the staff. The dormitories, daintily furnished bed-sitting rooms, dining rooms, etc., are only comparable, in my mind, with some big modern ladies' college. Everything is so delightfully fastidious, by no means the least interesting feature being the kitchens, where all the cooking is done through the medium of steam or gas, while the cleanliness prevailing would put to the blush the majority of private houses. And, pondering the attractions of all these thoughtfully provided creature comforts, the question is irresistible, who would be a governess or companion with such an alternative? And let me add, in conclusion, that the managing director, of the particular house under discussion, is by no means alone in his belief that a really good woman buyer has no male equal.

The Last Blouse of Summer

(Sketched by K. Pleydel Young

Though one scarcely likely to be left blooming alone. The suggestion is carried out in fancy chiffon, drawn into bands of fine mimosa lace, and finished with a *plissé* cascaded frill of plain chiffon

Millinery Mems

When in doubt, buy a hat. That is an old and tested recipe for keeping modistic life going, during the moment when one season passes into another. We have already had premonitory signs that summer is on the wane, and millinerial hearts are rejoiced thereat, for full well they know that their resources are the first to be called upon.

One or two establishments of significant standing are running with emphasis, and much delightful variety, a new sailor hat, boasting a high crown and narrow straight brim. In pale coloured beavers, such as pastel blue, Neapolitan violet, ivory and grey, the crown simply banded by a deep ribbon velvet, laid in a flat, severe little bow at the left side, this sailor is particularly fetching, also is it extremely *chic* in black taffeta, drawn in close neat flutes. One black taffeta model in particular, that caught and held my fancy, had the crown banded with lizard-green velvet, and the back uplifted on a high *cache-peigne* of velvet loops, interspersed by silver tinsel pom-poms.

The Insistent Empire

The Empire has saved the situation of the big shops who deal in ready-made mantles. Faces became long indeed, when, for a space, there was mooted the suggestion that only close-fitting backs would be permissible. And when one comes to pause, the dread is reasonable enough, for special measurement is alone capable of dealing accurately with a defined waistline. But it is the Empire that leads the van of fashion, and at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, where the best of model mantles do grow and prosper, it is in overwhelming evidence. As an all-round useful wrap, one suitable alike to evening or carriage wear, this firm are running a model in pastel cloths, the deep Empire yoke elaborately ornamented with white silk *galon*, and lined silk, for £4 18*s.* 6*d.* And, being made on the premises, little individual touches of variety are introduced, that at once serve to relieve these wraps of the stigma of monotony. There is, too, a quite new broadtail cloth, which, as the name implies, boasts a rough knotted surface, that makes up

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A tea-gown for country house wear

(Sketched by K. Plevdel Youn;)

peculiarly well in Empire style. In cream, with the yoke carried as deep as possible, and closing double-breasted, with large, flat, gilt buttons, the skirt quite full length, a very handsome winter wrap is consummated, to which a welcome finishing touch is found in a large rever collar of mink.

For Country House Wear

The hour of the tea-gown is at hand, and in the accompanying original design we have endeavoured to combine comfort with elegance. The material employed is crêpe-de-Chine, in a very delicate shade of pinkish mauve, the full over-dress opening upon an under of painted muslin, in which faint touches of mauve, pink, and pale blue occur, the waist loosely defined by a girdle of mauve soft satin ribbon. The trimming on the crêpe-de-Chine comprises a collar and tabs of the filmiest embroidered muslin, the latter alternating with shorter tabs of pastel pink satin, embroidered in gold.

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The Connoisseur

OLD ENGLISH GOLD AND SILVER PLATE

The wars of the Stuart times account for a vast quantity of antique English plate which then passed out of domestic use into currency of the realm. But from a later date, "our rough Island story," as told in its gold and silver-work, is full of interest; for the companies that protected it, and the offices that made its rules and laws, have been careful in preserving their records, and handing on to posterity the knowledge and skill they acquired.

For many years, those interested in the collection of old English plate have been content with the handbooks of Mr. Cripps and Mr. Chaffers, but, careful and valuable as these are, there is no doubt that the efforts of the authors could be carried still further.

Seeking Out Silversmiths' Marks

With this object in view, a devoted student of the subject, Mr. C. J. Jackson, F.S.A., has pursued the more elusive of British and Irish silversmiths, and sought their most intimate marks, and run to earth their dates and places of production. "English Goldsmiths and Their Marks" (Macmillan) is a title which, according to ancient custom, includes all workers in silver and silver-gilt, for gold has never been greatly used in this country, and just as man is said, in a sense, to embrace woman, so gold is taken to include its neighbour of lesser value—silver.

The student of plate will find within Mr. Jackson's important and carefully prepared volume, a mine of general knowledge and many new veins of information. For the author has carried his investigations far afield, and many little-known marks and dates of provincial makers are added to the already recognised lists. One interesting fact about the present book is that it comes as a forerunner to prepare the way for a fully illustrated history from the same writer on the same subject. Thus this volume has little to do with the decorative side of the question, and is, although most elaborately illustrated with exact reproductions of eleven thousand marks, a technical handbook, and little more. There is one extremely interesting illustration within its pages, however, and this we reproduce. Like a good deal of other artistic work before and since, this particular cup was the production of an immigrant. Charles Bekegle, who was warden of the Cork Guild in 1693, was a Flemish maker settled in the Irish city famous for its silver-work.

Irish County People in Trade

As Mr. Jackson reminds us, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, very large quantities of plate were manufactured there, and the business of goldsmith was so remunerative that many of the leading county families apprenticed their sons to members of the craft, just as nowadays gentlemen desirous of wealth become jockeys. But, although the Irish county people gave their sons to the trade, the list of the more successful goldsmiths contains a large number of foreign names, among whom Bekegle was no little honoured. The cup we show has handles of the harp shape, very generally found in Irish work at the end of the seventeenth century, and very decorative. The body is decorated in bold relief, with an eagle placed in somewhat arbitrary conjunction with fruit, foliage, and flowers, so as to mark the craftsman's name. Later, we hope to return to the consideration of the æsthetic value, or the reverse, of plate produced in our islands.

E. M.

"The Bekegle Cup"

(From Mr. Jackson's "English Goldsmiths and Their Marks," published by Messrs. Macmillan)

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This series, the first of which appeared on August 19, is of the greatest interest, not only owing to the Royal Authorship, but also to the fact that the Photographs are admirable specimens of Photographic Art. The subjects include scenes at Marlborough House, Sandringham, Copenhagen, and incidents during Her Majesty's cruise off the Coast of Scotland.

THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, E.C.

The Editor's Box

Books to Appear Shortly

Among anticipated commemorations of Nelson's year, probably one of the most striking from the point of view of historical novelty, will be a very thorough re-investigation of the life-drama of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Mr. Walter Sichel. Her early history will be retold from new and authentic material; the service which she claimed to have rendered to the British Fleet in June, 1798, will be presented in a light much more favourable than ever before; and the precise character of her influence upon Nelson reconsidered in the light of newly discovered letters and MSS. of importance. The "Life," which will be issued by Messrs. Constable early in October, will be illustrated from a hitherto unknown oil-sketch by Romney, and by other portraits, all of which will be reproduced now for the first time.

On the centenary of England's most memorable naval victory, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson will publish a re-issue of Mr. Douglas Sladen's "The Admiral," being the love story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The author has handled the story in excellent taste, and the picture of Nelson is most vivid.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. announce the publication of a new book, entitled, "Mary, Queen of Scots: Her Environment and Tragedy," in three volumes, by Mr. T. F. Henderson, the well-known authority on Scottish history. In this work the author treats with the personality and career of Mary Stuart, more particularly in relation to her contemporaries and her exceptional circumstances; and the work assumes practically the form of a vindication of a remarkable woman who was largely the victim of a peculiar fate. The book will contain about one hundred illustrations, among which will be found every authentic portrait of Queen Mary, besides many portraits of her contemporaries and views of the places associated with her life.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a pocket edition of R. L. Stevenson's "St. Ives," uniform with the pocket editions in large type published by Messrs. Cassell and Chatto and Windus. In its new and attractive form, this brilliant story is certain to find a very large circle of readers.

The science of forestry has been far too much neglected in this country. An addition to the very few English books on the subject is being made by the immediate publication of Dr. A. Harold Unwin's "Future Forest Trees: The Importance of German Experiments in the Introduction of North American Trees." This work contains an account of the latest results of experimental forest tree planting in Germany. Fifty-six different trees are introduced as being those which have the most commercial or scientific value. In the first part, the American timber imports into Germany are considered, and the trees from which that timber is obtained are mentioned. The second and third parts deal with the results of experimental planting, and with the sylvicultural and other qualities of the American trees. The book should be of value, as suggesting how English forestry may be developed by the introduction of trees from North America. The publisher is Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The Playgoers' Club announce the publication of an interesting volume by Mr. B. W. Findon, the author of "The Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan." The volume is to contain the History and Memories of The Playgoers' Club from 1884 to 1905, and should, therefore, appeal to a wide circle of readers outside of actual members of the club.

An Echo of the French Visit

August 28, 1905.

From M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to the Court of His Majesty, Mr. Alfred Moul, the Chairman of the Alhambra Company, has received the following graceful communication:

MONSIEUR,—J'ai été heureux de constater le grand succès de la représentation organisée par la direction de l'Alhambra à l'occasion de la visite de l'Escadre du Nord. L'idée gracieuse d'offrir ce spectacle aux matelots francais lors de leur passage à Londres a été mise à éxécution avec un goût et un luxe qui ont excité chez eux la plus vive admiration et l'acceuil que vous leur avez offert leur laissera le souvenir le plus reconnaissant. Je sais toute la peine que vous avez prise pour assurer la parfaite organisation de cette fête et comme vous avez été bien secondé par Mr. George Scott, ainsi que par les divers employés de votre établissement, dont l'empressement et la bonne volonté ont été extrêmement apprécies. J'ai été également très touché d'apprendre que vous avez fait parvenir, après la représentation, à notre Hôpital Français un don de £500. Cette institution charitable, une des plus intéressantes parmi celles que la colonie française posséde à Londres, a contracté envers vous une dette de gratitude qu'elle n'oubliera pas. Je tiens à vous exprimer à vous et à vos collaborateurs mes sentiments de très vive et très sincère reconnaissance.

A New Play for the Apollo

Mr. Wentworth Croke has completed the cast of *The Gay Lord Vergy*—to be produced at the Apollo Theatre — by engaging Mr. John Le Hay for the title rôle. Mr. Arthur Sturgess has added two new characters in his adaptation of the book, which differs greatly from the original French version. Several new numbers have been interpolated, composed by Mr. Theo Wendt, the editor of the *Music Trades Review*, who will also direct the orchestra.

"The Palace of a Prince of Trade"

The luxuriously appointed mansion, illustrations of which appear in this issue on pages 540-1-2-3, was designed and built for the owner, Mr. Hinshelwood, by Messrs. Miller and Black, Architects, 58, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

St. George's Hall

Mr. Gerald Fitz-Gibbon, who some months ago was appointed Press manager to Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, has now, in addition, been made their acting manager. He is also the London Press agent to the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

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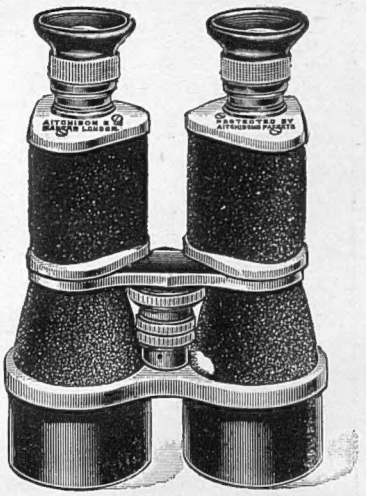

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